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OWEN TUDOR;
AN
HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
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OWEN TUDOR;

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“WHITEFRIARS,” “CÆSAR BORGIA,”

ETC.

“Who can control his fate?

.

An old thing ’twas, but it express’d her fortune.”

OTHELLO.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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OWEN TUDOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDE BOUCHERIE.

THE district of ancient Paris, designated by this term, commenced among the tortuous windings of the streets and alleys running into the square of the Châtelet. These were chiefly inhabited by butchers, and other of the disgusting and horrible trades which depended on their knives for occupation—such as tallow-melters, tripe-sellers, sausage-makers, dealers in skins and offal, tanners, and dyers.

The Boucherie proper was a large irregular space, surrounded by open slaughter-houses of massive timber, furnished with stalls, blocks, hooks, chains, and all the other appurtenances of the

trade. These intersected each other in a labyrinthine maze, which persons not accustomed to their windings could with difficulty trace. The houses of the master-butchers formed the limit of this area, in every direction, each inclosed in its network of stalls and shambles; large strong buildings, ornamented with galleries and gables of curiously carved woodwork, which, being all connected by huge walls and draining ditches, composed a fortress that, considering its location in the very heart of Paris, and the characteristics of its population, was of no slight consequence. The great street of St. Jacques, which at this period divided Paris into almost equal halves, traversed one of the exteriors of the Boucherie, and made it the key of a formidable and commanding position.

The interior arrangements of this little commonwealth contributed to render it dangerous, as its power was in the hands of few. The corporation of the butchers was the richest in Paris, and was governed almost entirely by its own laws and regulations. It consisted of some score families enjoying the monopoly of the supply of meat in Paris. In one sense it was strictly an aristocratic

community. The right or wrong of primogeniture was acknowledged, and the eldest sons succeeded their sires in as strict entail as the crown itself. The Salic law was also in full vigour, in regulating successions. Females and bastards were rigorously excluded from all participation in the Boucherie, and, as only the head of each family was permitted to exercise the trade, it had gradually become limited to about twenty persons, styled the Master-Butchers of the Grande Boucherie. Simon Caboche was the hereditary head of this body, and received from that circumstance his title of Master-Chief.

Rich as they were, the master-butchers of Paris had not yet dreamed of the refinement of modern mercantile wealth, which takes its residence as far as possible from the place of its creation. They were even obliged, by express ordonnances, and still more by custom, to take a personal share in the gory business of the shambles. But now their occupation was gone, and the palmy days of the Boucherie seemed departed for ever! The zeal of the butchers in favour of the Duke of Burgundy won them the hatred of the Armagnacs, by whom they were deprived of their privileges, their market

divided and transferred, and themselves, as far as might be, deprived of their influence over the populace.

It was towards this quarter that the romantic Welsh knight-errant directed his unwilling and yet fascinated steps, and his whole progress was a species of popular ovation. The mob were encouraged by the presence of their old leader and his armed Cabochiens, and followed in increasing numbers, and with an enthusiastic uproar of shouts and applause, across the square of the Châtelet.

The news of the discovery of the poor scholar's identity with the popular minstrel of the Boucherie spread like wildfire, and stirred the inflammable Parisians to a frenzy of delight and triumph! The name of Huéline pealed in the exulting thunder of the people to the skies, in continual union with the designation by which only the Welsh knight was known. "Vive Huéline! Vive le Chevalier Sauvage!" resounded in mingled accents on every side. And although the eyes of the minstrel continually filled with tears, and she strove to calm the popular effervescence with gentle entreaties, the glory of triumphant genius shone on her brow, and her beauty glowed into

its utmost splendour, irradiated by the master passions of her nature—love and ambition!

Neither Huéline, nor the Chevalier Sauvage, was well aware how it happened, but the arm of the minstrelless was linked in that of the knight; and ever and anon, carried away by the fervour of his gratitude and admiration—bewildered and intoxicated by the joyful uproar around him—Owen raised her hand to his lips, and covered it with kisses. The Parisians, wont to be delighted with show and spectacle, enjoyed this display of beauty, genius, and passion, as much as the most magnificent exhibitions of material pomp and triumph. The son of Goronwy shared the popular favour; and so indeed did his lord's steed, which the provost ordered to be restored to him. The women hugged and kissed both the biped and the quadruped, until the latter began to show signs of weariness, perhaps at some sly instigation of the good squire himself, and reared and plunged so as greatly to incommode and scatter their mutual admirers.

Owen seemed to himself to be moving in some ideal world of glory and delight, achieved without toil or effort,—to walk the air, wandering amid

golden clouds as he had often dreamed in his childhood, asleep on some lofty crag, in the sunset! Strange as it may read in the cold repetition, the bright woman by his side appeared to him, when he strove to shape his thoughts, like a star glittering and glowing forth from some dark bosom of night, and throwing a glory and a beauty over all beneath its radiance! The aspect of the terrific mob of Paris had lost its horror and terror, or retained only so much of either as heightened the emotions inspired by its gentleness and caresses, like those of a gambolling tiger. And the spell lasted over both—over all—until the procession entered the filthy windings of the Val de Misère. But it was not in any magic of thought or feeling to resist the disgusting and horrible impressions of this true abode of squalid suffering and poverty. The foul odours that exhaled on every side, the haggard ruins inhabited by a hideous and swarming populace, which came forth as if for the express purpose of being inspected in all their misery; the narrow, unpaved lanes, the traces of disgusting trades that offered themselves in the gutters, in the stench, in the pallid visages and stained garments of the deni-

zens, excited the loathing and amazement of the young mountain chief.

Until now, Huéline shared the general joy and enthusiasm with the fervour of poetical genius that concentrates into burning focuses the common light around. But she started, as if from a dream, when Owen murmured in her ears, "And doth so bright a flower bloom on this reeking foulness?"

"Alack, gentle knight! do not wake me yet! Let me dream on awhile!" she replied. "This is the Val de Misère, and truly I may not deny I am its born child and inheritor! Long years my father dwelt amidst these hideous fens of humanity; here he won the hearts of a fickle populace by his tenderness and skill in remedying their sufferings!—here he learned what cancers eat into the souls of men—what cruel laws make them the dismal things we see! How they recompensed him, reads ill in the history of our times, or shall, when right-judging eyes search into their record! Until then, even his daughter must be silent."

There was something of proud regret and disdain in this sacrifice to the prejudices which she must suppose to animate a knight and noble,

that touched Owen to the heart. He endeavoured to look with less scorn and disgust at the fearful spectacles that presented themselves, but his fine nostrils lost not their dilation and quivering expression, even when they entered the comparatively open area of the Boucherie.

It was only in secret yards and vaults that the butchers ventured to elude the prohibitions of their Armagnac masters, and carry on their trade. Accordingly, a dreary waste of empty stalls, unbleeding gutters, hooks without carcasses, saluted Owen's gaze. But these were sufficiently disgusting in eyes accustomed to the freshness of nature, and belonging to a romantic youth whose imagination was full of the pomps of courts and chivalry.

But Owen was allowed little time for reflection. The moment they were fairly in the shambles, and the massive wooden gates which admitted them barred, like the sluices of a harbour, on the multitude that flowed after them—Simon Caboche turned and welcomed Owen to the Boucherie with a hearty hug. "Well we wot, you are no Burgundian, but a knight-adventurer come to France in search of good employment,—yet thou shalt be

one ere we let thee go!" he said, gleefully. "Aha, you are well out of the provost's claws, for he lets as few escape him as any mouser I know of! Brother masters, let us make him very welcome, for, by the good duke's beard, we shall have need of all such merry prickers when we tussel it again with the Armagnacs for Paris!"

"Dear godfather! you did promise me to yield an unconditional—a more generous hospitality!" said Huéline, warmly. "If the life of the poor scholar be in aught dear to any of us, hath not this noble knight out-deserved all recompense? He is our guest—our honoured, our glorious guest!—but whatever else he may become is for his own sole judgment and will."

"Let him not forget that the Armagnacs would have consigned him to the doom of a malefactor and of a slave—and that the Burgundians saved him from it—and I am content!" said the Master-Chief, over whom the words of Huéline seemed to possess a magic influence. "You will be one of us anon, young knight, if our betrothed here undertakes it, for she hath witchcraft in her, and as our merry duke once quoth to me (and he hath more wit and good jests in him than any

mumming fool of them all ! ‘Aha, Simon ! you may lead a herd of wild horses better with a mare than a rope !’ And so, in very truth ——”

“Dear father, peace ! You bid not your guest welcome, and this is your own threshold !” interrupted Huéline, colouring even in the eyes at this specimen of Duke John’s facetiæ, which Simon Caboche was in the continual habit of repeating, both as a demonstration of his former intimacy with the royal jester, and from the satisfaction he took in the peculiar turn of his rough and licentious wit.

“Right welcome are you then, knight, and may luck be in your crossing my door-stone !” replied Simon. A shadow passed over Huéline’s visage as he uttered the words—a shadow of the future—inexplicably mournful and yet tinged with light, like the first clouds of a coming darkness.

Owen Tudor had arrived before a building which, to those acquainted with the topography of the Grande Boucherie, was known as the residence of the Master-Chief. It was a large rambling mansion, on arches, that formed a range of slaughter-houses below, descended to at certain points by drawbridges, or ladders on hinges,

which could be lowered to the ground. Granaries, and lofts filled with fodder for cattle, composed a part of the building, mingled with numerous stalls and pens for sheep and oxen. The whole was inclosed in a high stone wall, excepting on the side occupied by the extensive dwelling itself.

Owen saw that he was beneath a large archway garnished with two mighty bulls' heads in stone. The family of the Caboches had their armorial bearings, and this was their crest. It is true that they were conferred upon them, in jest, by Louis the Fat, in his satisfaction at the enormous bulk of an animal of the species, which was presented to him by the corporation at a great feast. But the Caboches retained them in good earnest, to the great wrath and contempt of all gentle and noble personages, and possibly on that very account.

A strong door of oak, crossed by many bars and rivets, was before them, which Renaud Caboché bounded forward to open. But it was secured within, and he was obliged to blow a blast on a horn that hung to the latch by a chain. Meanwhile the masters of the Boucherie took

their farewell of the rescued visitor, refusing Caboche's hospitable invitation to enter and empty a flagon in celebration of the event. It seemed, indeed, as if a degree of suspicion and alarm took hold on these chiefs of the corporation when they learned, with certainty, that Owen was no emissary or ally of their duke. Every hood was cast back, and every nose touched its owner's girdle with great respect; but Caboche himself looked troubled at the speed with which, after this ceremonial, his suffragans withdrew. Even young Renaud's brow was clouded as he echoed his father's welcome, and the gates of the Master-Chief's residence rolled slowly open. A broad court-yard was then visible, surrounded by a gallery of roughly carved woodwork, into which the principal apartments opened; and that was the only staircase, for there was none in the interior of the house.

The reason of the precautions observed was soon apparent. It was killing day in the Grande Boucherie, and, though the men were compelled to abandon the work to follow their chief on his rescuing expedition, traces of their suspended activity were visible in every direction. Sheep

half skinned; oxen bleeding where they were felled; hogs grunting, as if impatient for their turn, among the saw-dust and straw; calves lamentably bleating and fretting with the ropes that bound them; hideous heaps of gory wool, of severed heads, and streaming entrails, composed the spectacle wherever the eye turned for solace. Every gutter flowed with the dark red tide of slaughter, and the dismal roar which occasionally came from gratings in the pavements seemed to declare that more victims pined for a horrible release, in vaults below the house and yards.

The only object which gave any relief to this sanguinary scene was the figure of a sprightly young damsel, who made her appearance, hastening down a steep flight of stairs, to greet the arrival. It struck Rhys immediately that she was the very perfection of female beauty! She was plump, she was red-cheeked, all dimply over with smiles and coquetry; and, if she was perhaps a little too short, that imperfection was remedied by her lively costume and the jaunty manner in which it was worn, with its short crimson petticoat, and handsome lace toque, or head-dress, of many-coloured ribands, floating from a crown-piece of

the smallest possible size, to give the streamers a point of adhesion.

So fascinated was Rhys ap Goronwy with this gentle apparition, that Simon Caboche was obliged to repeat to him an order to stable his master's charger in one of the neighbouring stalls, ere he heard it. The young damsel meanwhile paused in her descent, staring in great surprise and consternation at the knight and his attendant. Nothing could be more sudden than the change in her whole manner, from lively welcome to awe and bashfulness, when she perceived the stately stranger among those whom she came to meet.

"Be not afraid, dear Gules!—this is our rescued prisoner—not an Armagnac!" said Huéline, hastily. "Methinks he must be in great need of calm, and therefore we will lead him at once to some place of rest—and unarm him—as is the wont, I have heard, of noble dames, when they receive an honoured guest."

"Lodge him in our best chamber, daughter!—in that wherein the duke did repose him until—but no matter!—the best we have," said Caboche. "Our guest is at least not so far Armagnac as to trouble to sleep in that room where my

lord of Burgundy lay that he might have quick news of the justice done on the traitor of Orleans! What a yelp the fellow made, like a dog when you tread on his tail! The duke made a merry jest of it, did brave Duke John! ‘Caboche,’ quoth he, for, in faith, we talk to each other like brothers—‘Caboche! is there any music like an enemy’s dying groan?’”

“Nay, godfather, the noble chevalier will honour my poor chamber during his abode,” said Huéline. “And I will sleep with my sister, Gules; for else, methinks, he could rest but little, being all unwont to the dismal roar and plaints of slaughter!”

“Doth he come to kill men, and mislike to hear an ox groan beneath the axe?” said Caboche, with his grim smile. “Nay, demoiselle, it is thine own woman’s heart that thou puttest under the knight’s breastplate, for I trow well thou hast never yet accustomed thy dainty ears to the music of the Boucherie! But as thou wilt, for thou art thy father’s true daughter in having thy way with us all!”

Huéline smiled with her sweet and irresistible expression of tenderness, and motioned to the

knight to advance—when Renaud Caboche exclaimed, with startling suddenness, “But thou hast never unharnessed a knight, Huéline!—I will aid the good squire, and spare thee and Gules the pains.”

“You are needed in the Boucherie, my Renaud!—and we will omit no office of courtesy which may be in our rude power to fulfil!” replied Huéline, colouring, but with firmness. Never until then had she addressed her young betrothed by so endearing an additament; and Renaud was pacified.

“It is true, son! Let every man of us swallow a measure of wine, and bare his elbows, and get to work again, for much good meat is spoiling for lack of the knife!” said the liberal Master-Chief, as Owen followed his conductress with much secret satisfaction to the apartment which it seemed she specially desired he should occupy. Renaud continued to gaze after him until he bent his lofty head to enter a doorway on the farther side of the gallery above.

This admitted to a broad passage which, intersected by several others, traversed the roomy abode of Simon Caboche. It came out again on

some leads over a range of deserted shambles forming part of the great square of the Boucherie. An irregular and apparently ruinous pile of building arose amidst these slaughter-houses, connected with them by a fixed ladder of considerable height, abutting in a lattice which opened like a folding door. With a grave smile, Huéline requested the knight to be the first in mounting this approach. "And so shall we see, messire," she added, "with what agile daring you will climb the walls of a beleaguered city!"

Owen complied, with a speed and lightness, considering the weight of steel he carried, that put Gules Caboche into a suppressed titter. "Our cats are nothing to him, Mademoiselle Huéline!" she said, with a mixture of gaiety and the respect which superiority of intellect rarely fails to win its possessors. "But why would you not let him sleep in my father's chamber of ceremony? Alas, we have little enough at best to please so noble a visitor!"

What was there in this simple observation to make the minstrelless of the Boucherie sigh so profoundly? She made no other reply, and followed up the steps with slow and yet practised feet, de-

clining, with a smile and a pale blush, Owen's offered hand. "I am accustomed to the ascent; these chambers were mine!" she said, and, opening the lattice, the apartment destined for Owen Tudor appeared in the form of two chambers, communicating one with the other by low and narrow arches of grotesquely carved oak.

On entering, a stranger would have imagined himself on a level with the ground, for the open lattices of the farther chamber showed a bank of rich flowers in full bloom. And yet the towers of a church, which appeared above it, seemed so inconsiderably elevated in comparison, that the idea struck Owen it must be a terrace-garden formed on the neighbouring roofs. But the chamber in which he found himself was so singularly garnished, that it might alone have engrossed his surprise, especially remembering that it belonged to a young woman. A large collection of stuffed serpents, and reptiles of the most hideous forms, hung from the ceiling; the walls were covered with shelves of dusty manuscripts, sometimes curled and blackened by fire; innumerable phials and instruments of chirurgery lay scattered about. A small black organ, ancient enough to have been played on by

St. Cecilia, occupied one corner of the chamber; in another there was an old and much-worn arm-chair, which, in spite of its antiquity, seemed anxiously, and even religiously, preserved. A collection of tools, resembling those used by masons, hung on the wall, including, of course, a trowel, a line, and a plummet.

Huéline explained these appearances before they had time to produce any unpleasing effect. "These are my father's relics,—all that the kind Cabochiens could save from the flames which the Armagnacs kindled in our home," she said, continuing, as she led the way into the inner chamber, "excepting the contents of this apartment—presents which, in his prosperous estate, he received from various free cities and states of Flanders, in testimony of their liking to his cause."

Owen was surprised, when he entered, at the elegance and even splendour of the decorations of the bedchamber. It was hung with arras, very beautifully wrought with designs from the favourite poem of the middle ages, the "Romance of the Rose," representing the progress of love, in a singular and not very decent allegory. The alcove and counterpane of the bed it contained, were of

silk damask, which, in complication and beauty of design, could not be surpassed by the most elaborate productions of modern art. The stools and tables were carved and gilded with a luxury of embellishment that showed more of the artist than of the artizan. A parchment, beautifully illuminated, apparently of verses, in a strange and marvellous character to Owen, but which a modern schoolboy would have instantly recognized as Greek, lay open on one of the tables. A lute and mandolin were near; and many articles of female selection, such as flowers and embroidery, were scattered about the room. The whole scene was such a contrast in elegance and comfort to the rest of the Boucherie, that Owen was amazed.

Without affecting to observe his surprise, but no doubt secretly gratified with its signs, Huéline modestly informed the guest that he was in his sleeping chamber, and asked permission to unarm him. This office of hospitality was so usually performed by the ladies or damsels of the house, that Owen neither felt nor offered any objection. But his courtesy was somewhat unusual, when, finding that Huéline could not easily reach the

upper pieces of his armour, he knelt before her on both knees. There was as much homage in his look as in his attitude, and Huéline became suddenly brilliant with an expression of joy and tenderness that gave her beauty its most natural and lustrous character.

Neither of his fair attendants was, in truth, skilled in the office they had assumed, much less in removing such cumbrous and involved masses of steel network as formed the masterpiece of Rhys ap Goronwy. Gules Caboche was truly declared by her brother to understand nothing of the art of unharnessing, and her office was confined to receiving the pieces of armour as Huéline unclasped or unloosed them. But the latter's natural dexterity supplied her want of experience; and, during the process, the group might have furnished no bad ideal for a Venus disarming Mars, but that Owen's youth was too immature for the warlike god, and there was more dignity in Huéline's manner than the mother of the loves is said to assume on such occasions. But her mistakes excited the irrepressible laughter of the merry Gules; and Huéline herself at times smiled secretly at a strangeness in the warlike habiliments of her

guest, which even denizens of the Boucherie could not fail to perceive.

Owen's garb beneath his armour was not of the richest materials ; but the beauty and power of his person needed no splendid ornaments in the eyes of women, to excite admiration. It is possible, even, that the beggared daughter of Jean de Troye was in her heart not displeased to observe that there was at least one point of resemblance and sympathy between them ! But there seemed some others ; for, whenever their eyes met, both coloured deeply ; and if they touched each other by chance, in the course of the unarming, though it were merely with the tips of the fingers, the blood in the veins of both tingled to the point of contact. Huéline, indeed, but rarely raised her eyes, and seemed quite absorbed in her task ; but there was a sparkling consciousness spread over all her complexion, that showed she was not unaware how constantly and fervidly the gaze of Owen was fixed upon her. The closeness of position into which they were brought by the incidents of the unarming added to the embarrassment of both ; and yet Owen was grieved in his soul when the work was accomplished.

A bath was meanwhile prepared, a usual part of an honourable reception in the fifteenth century. But, when all was ready, Owen, inexperienced as he was, thought the minstreless took an opportunity to cause them to be alone. When the servant-wenches who brought the water were gone, and she had herself carefully perfumed it with an infusion of some sweet essence, and it seemed proper that she and Gules should retire, Huéline suddenly recollected that they had not provided a robe for the guest. In castles and houses where visitors of rank were expected, magnificent robes of furs and velvets were kept ready in the wardroom for use during their stay, few knights, or even nobles, travelling with much superfluity of apparel. Apologising, with a smile whose witchery Owen thought might have excused the want of everything, Huéline seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and despatched Gules Caboche to procure her father's robe of estate, which he wore as Master-Chief of the Boucherie.

And thus were the knight and minstreless left alone; and, though utterly unused to such situations, the young mountaineer felt that it was a precious opportunity to express the feelings that

glowed in his heart, which he took to be merely the admiration and gratitude her successful generosity might well inspire. But Huéline seemed as if she dreaded some such effusion; and his first tremulous words were immediately interrupted by her sweet tones, that wavered not, but were kept steady by a strong effort. “Speak not, messire, of thanks, which so little repay the service you have rendered us! The life you have preserved will be too short for that!—I sought to speak with you alone, fair knight!” she continued, with a degree of confusion and hesitation that set Owen’s pulse in rapid motion. “Gules is kind, but she talks much—as is, they say, our sex’s wont—wherefore I defame her not. But I must needs remind you, that those of the Boucherie are devoted Burgundians.—I would have you free to depart, alas! for it may sooner be your pleasure so to do than ours!—’Tis therefore I have made this chamber yours—it has a secret egress unknown even to the Cabochiens—which a woman has explored, and ’tis not too difficult or dangerous to pass—so that if ever—if too soon—for we live in dangerous times, and the tranquillity of Paris is as the moonlight on troubled waves—as

the slumber of the condemned!—Let me show you how you may depart at any time—without wings—from the Boucherie.”

“A dungeon could not be unpleasing, charmed by the sound of so melodious a voice!” said Owen, with warmth; but, without seeming to heed the compliment, the minstreless rapidly traversed the chamber of the alcove, and, throwing open a lattice, stepped forth in the lofty garden at which Owen had marvelled on his first entrance. A flower that until then he had never seen assailed all his senses at once with overpowering beauty and fragrance, for the Syrian rose bloomed in a waste of coloured fragrance in every part of this strange garden.

“My father was poor—he loved to grow his own simples—and he gradually covered the roofs of his neighbours with these plants!” said the minstreless, proudly, even when calling her sire ‘poor,’ as if the contrast between his destinies and himself struck her in an exalting light. “Yonder is his house—at least its blackened remains! Do you not perceive the ruins, knight, on this side of the tower of St. Jacques?”

“I see what seem to be the roof and timbers

of a dwelling almost destroyed by fire," replied Owen.

"It is easy to pass over these terraces to it—and it is not so far destroyed but that one in danger may make shift to reach the ground!" said Huéline. "He will then find himself in the great street of St. Jacques—opposite another deserted house—the house of Maitre Nicolas Flamel! You have heard of him, messire?"

"Father Ambrosius did oft speak of him as a youth of marvellous science and application!" replied Owen, who was vaguely troubled at this revelation. It was disagreeable to him, in some way or another, to find that the young minstrelless had a means of egress unknown to her protectors.

"I knew him only as a grey-bearded sage—he was my father's friend and close confabulist!" said Huéline, with a slight smile. "Together they dreamed fine dreams—but both are well wakened now! My father is in the deepest dungeon of yonder Châtelet whose shadow broods over us like a stationary cloud—and the wise Maitre Nicolas sleeps with his wiser wife, Pernelle, in the sepulchre which themselves had sculptured by magic hands—Italian hands, messire!—in the

church of St. Jacques!—unless what our marvel-loving Parisians constantly affirm be true, that they buried faggots of wood in their place, and fled to enjoy their unbounded riches and immortality in countries where science is not so severely punished as in France! You may almost distinguish the noble gate which Nicolas raised and most richly adorned to please the meddling priests of St. Jacques! It is covered with strange hieroglyphics, that time only can decipher—yonder! at the corner of the street of the Notaries which leads into a haunt of death and luxury—the Cemetery of the Innocents!”

“What doth luxury in such a place, with death?” said Owen, startled and perplexed at this expression.

“We Parisians are a strange race—we rouge the cheeks of our corpses to make death more ghastly, deeming to make him fair!” replied Huéline. “But what will not the avarice of man? The Cemetery of the Innocents is a churchyard walled round in arches—and the dark and narrow passages formed by those receptacles of the dead are occupied by shops of the lightest and most frivolous merchandise! Jewellers, tailors, glovers,

mercenary, toymen, and armourers, sir knight! display their showy wares among escutcheons and tablets, and dreary monumental effigies! The inscriptions on the tomb-stones that pave the passages, are nearly effaced beneath the tramp of merry loungers!—Only there is no hypocrisy in the name we give it! The Charnel-house of the Innocents disguises nothing!”

“I shall not buy French armour there lest it smell of the tomb!” said Owen, in great disgust.

“It is enough—let us return—Gules is light of approach as a lapwing,” said Huéline, with a sigh and a smile. “I have shown you my secret—but I know not why I fear for you! You are safe, if friendship can keep you so!”

“What wilful bird would leave the cage that had so beautiful and kind a keeper?” exclaimed Owen.

Huéline glanced at him with an expression of tenderness that was perhaps natural to her, but which stirred Owen’s soul to its depths, so sweet and penetrating was its light.

“Yet ’tis little wise to leave the door open to birds of wandering wing!” she replied, after a moment’s pause. “Nevertheless, ’tis done; and,

by my good will, nought should ever pine in imprisonment! Here is Gules Caboche."

They returned into the first chamber in time to prevent the daughter of the Master-Chief from noticing that they had ever left it—and Owen was abandoned to his rosy bath and the most delicious of reveries—the dream of first love! Not that the haughty descendant of Arthur called it by that name; but what else was the exquisite and never-wearying satisfaction which he took in remembering every look, word, and gesture—every act, every expression of the features—the very waving of the air that floated musically around the daughter of the Parisian demagogue? And yet he could not afford to indulge long in this paradise of thought, when the reality awaited him, and he was arrayed with much more rapidity than it is probable that any one—even Huéline—expected. He arrived in the gallery by which he had ascended from Caboche's slaughter-house, certainly before his approach was anticipated. The Master-Chief and Huéline were engaged in escorting to the gates, with great marks of consideration and honour, the one-eyed beggar of the parvis of Nôtre Dame!

Whatever the conversation had been, that which Owen could not prevent himself from overhearing seemed not to be of the most amicable cast.

“You will live to repent this, Simon!” said the one-eyed beggar. “Meanwhile I leave you to your own devices, and I trust you will pardon me if I do not return to visit you until you are rid of this young and remarkably handsome spy!”

“Such will he never prove—I answer with my life!—though that be but a poor pledge!” said Huéline, vehemently. “But we will grieve the less, my Lord Sir Pierre, that already your frequent presence in the Boucherie must give rise to some suspicion among the Armagnacs—which your absence may dissipate.”

“In truth, it is best—it is well—that we should part!” returned the Burgundian emissary. “Farewell, messires and gentle damsel! for it seems to me the duke’s last friends in Paris desert him!”

And in spite of the remonstrances of Caboche, and, what was more likely to move him, the silence of Huéline, the mysterious mendicant took his departure from the Boucherie. The words he had overheard convinced Owen of the reality and depth of the conspiracy that the Armagnacs

dreaded, but made him conclude that no immediate danger was to be expected from it. His very presence in the Boucherie might defeat any—and meanwhile the wings of the passing moment dripped heavily with the rich dews of passion!

We are sorry to confess that neither the anger nor the departure of the Burgundian emissary affected Huéline so deeply as they might at another time. She even remembered both circumstances with satisfaction on the night of that life-stamping day, when she lay restlessly tossing beside the slumbering Gules Caboche.

“He!—with his wealth—his pride, his wisdom, and his years—could it be jealousy? Was there not something more than the zeal of party in it?” mused she. “Why, then, a poor adventurer from a foreign land, young, rash, impetuous as the winds, may well——” The rest of the meditation was a vague delicious dream which we cannot undertake to follow over all its wilderness of flowering hopes!

CHAPTER II.

~~“Thou~~ no daughter but a king’s.”

“AND wherefore did they bid me beware of the Children of Song, since thou art its brightest daughter, and didst save my life at hazard of thine own!” murmured Owen Tudor. “Sweet Huéline, let us read no more—I would gaze at thee!—what poesy is so lovely as thy face? Oh, I could gaze for ever on thee thus, and never weary!”

“But thou weariest me, dear knight, to gaze for ever on me—thus!” returned Huéline, with a pettish, sparkling shower of tears.

The knight and minstreless were alone in the chamber of Jean de Troye, as it was called, from the relics of the mediciner being deposited in it. They were engaged in a very usual and favourite amusement with both—the perusal of the “Romance of the Rose.” Owen’s curiosity was excited to this work by the tapestry pictures in his bed-

chamber, and Huéline took pleasure in teaching him how to recite its verses with the true Parisian and minstrel rhythm.

Owen had now been several weeks in the Boucherie—a much longer period than had been calculated by any of the parties to his residence there.

On discovering with certainty that he was not a Burgundian, the University took up the cause of their maltreated scholar with the utmost zeal. This stirred the Armagnacs in favour of Owen Tudor; and, above all, Taneguy Duchâtel stood his firm friend during the heat of the persecution. Even he could only counteract the efforts of Owen's learned enemies, by causing him to remain in the Boucherie, as in a sanctuary, and persuading the constable to answer the remonstrances of the University, by a declaration that his government did not venture to incur the danger of a popular outbreak, in an attempt to seize him by force. But it was graciously added, that no notice would be taken of any attempt which the University and its armed bands of scholars might choose to make in effecting the purpose themselves! And, as the

rabble of Paris and the University were known to be very good friends, the former would probably make no resistance to them! With this bitter jest, and every species of annoyance, in the shape of deputations and complaints it could devise, the University was obliged to content itself; for the Cabochiens were evidently resolved to defend the rights of hospitality in the person of their Welsh guest.

This resolution was doubtless owing, in great measure, to the influence of Huéline, whose mastery of intellect subjected the Boucherie, and, consequently, the whole Burgundian party in Paris, to her will. And that was vehemently in favour of the generous stranger who had rescued her from an ignominious and dreadful doom! She won the Caboches to share her own ardent hope that the Chevalier Sauvage would easily be gained over to the Burgundian cause, and lend the aid of his brilliant valour in the dangerous projects afoot to restore the sway of Duke John. His seeming quality of a poor knight-adventurer—the injuries he had received from the Armagnacs—the facility with which such changes were made in this civil

strife—might well encourage the expectation. A late example had occurred in the person of the famous L'Isle Adam, governor of Pontoise, who transferred his allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy so lightly, that he himself declared it was but changing a colour. Huéline knew not the strength of the political and personal feelings that bound Owen to the party most opposed to England and Henry V. Nor was she born in an atmosphere to appreciate the barbaric notions of fidelity and honour which Owen brought with him from his native wilds.

Any anxiety that Owen might have felt on the score of his prolonged exile in the Boucherie was set at rest by an assurance from Sir Taneguy, that as soon as the army which was preparing to march into Normandy against the English, was ready, he should be permitted to join in the expedition, in spite of all the doctors in France! The preparations, indeed, lingered; but the promise furnished Owen with an excuse for resigning himself without uneasiness to the enjoyments he discovered in the Grande Boucherie. The reader, aware of his exceeding pride of birth and rank, his aspiring and poetical imagination, will perhaps marvel

what attractions he could find within the walls of the hideous shambles of Paris.

Undoubtedly there was much in the constitution and manners of the Boucherie to excite the attention of an inquisitive traveller. But Owen was not an inquisitive traveller!—the species was not yet invented. A magician had thrown his spell over him, whose touch transformed the most alien objects into dazzling illusions of splendour and beauty! The horrible sights and sounds of the Boucherie—the coarse habits and ferocious discourse of the Caboches—ceased to affect him disagreeably. The apartment of Huéline, which he occupied in the Boucherie, was an oasis that Love amused himself in turning into a paradise, whose glittering leaves and flowers shut out all the world beside.

Love—first love!—the fierce passion likely to be kindled in blood so inflammable, in youth so inexperienced, in an imagination so fervid and unchilled by the cold embrace of reality, in a heart so athirst for pleasure and excitement! And that he was loved again, who can doubt? So beautiful, so young, so valiant, and so generous!—was he not all that the impassioned dreams of the

young poetess had sought in the vacancy of existence?—all that was necessary for her exalted and tender fancy to deify?

Love delights in reconciling contradictions; else it would seem unlikely that a passion, whose essence is sympathy, could have arisen between Owen Tudor and Huéline de Troye.

Owen exulted in a royal blood of unknown antiquity—Huéline was the daughter of a poor apothecary, who boasted himself sprung from the dregs of the people. Owen's aspirations and tastes were all of the loftiest aristocracy; and we have seen with what passion Huéline identified herself with the fierce mob of Paris! The whole course of their existence seemed to oppose them equally. Owen was brought up amidst savage solitudes, in proud though fallen state, nursed with lofty visions and prophecies! Huéline was a daughter of cities, whose earliest career had been its brightest and most prosperous,—one stunned by the clash of hard realities! Owen sought to commence his active life as an Armagnac—from her earliest childhood Huéline was devoted to the party of Burgundy!

During a long period, her father was the fore-

most leader of the Parisian populace, whose constantly fermenting mass of misery has, from age to age, burst forth in explosions so dire. The ascendancy he acquired over Simon Caboche gave him the sway of a great material force, which his sagacity enabled him to wield with extraordinary effect. For a time, Jean de Troye was the idol of the Parisian mob; and, secretly supported by the Duke of Burgundy, he figured prominently in the earlier disturbances that followed the murder of the Duke of Orleans. But he promulgated laws, and introduced reforms, which disgusted both parties with him, while the frenzied excesses that the populace abandoned themselves to during their mastery excited the resistance of despair in every class but the lowest. It was believed that even the chiefs of his own faction were not deeply grieved when Jean de Troye was confined in one of those terrible dungeons of the Châtelet called the oubliettes.

The admirers of the solitary system have not given sufficient attention to these prisons, which, in the middle ages, carried it to perfection. The very name meant—Forgotten! Whoever entered an oubliette was sealed up for life and death. A

trap-door closed the captives in a dungeon wherein no ray of light ever penetrated. The gaoler who lowered their food was forbidden to speak to them, and it was only known by the rattle of their chains, as they rose to receive it, that they were alive. This was all the information which during three years reached the outward world concerning Jean de Troye. He was alive, and yet dead. No friendly eyes had ever beheld him since the day of the Armagnac triumph; no friendly voice was ever permitted to reach him; and, but for the persevering exertions and petitions of his daughter, his very memory would have faded away among the changeable populace whom he served at such fatal cost.

Huéline was the only child of this unfortunate demagogue, and inherited his political notions, deepened by the fervour of a woman's feelings and the sense of accumulated wrong. Moreover, she was born with that passionate sensibility which, when it bursts in song, is inspiration—in deeds, is often but a sublime madness! Jean de Troye was one of the most learned men of his age, and his chief delight was to cultivate the rich and glowing soil of his daughter's genius, unconscious

—mediciner though he was—of the deadly essences of some of its most profuse and splendid flowers. Jean de Troye was a philosopher, but he forgot that his daughter was also a woman.

Study of the lore of antiquity, then confined to very few, elevated his opinions far above those of his cotemporaries—perhaps too far. It was reported that the demagogue's religion was of a singular species, whether pagan or otherwise was not known, but he never attended at the mass, paid no respect to the relics of the blessed saints, and scoffed at the most illustrious miracle of the patron saint of France, by declaring that, as his monks had ever since their foundation done very well without heads, he could not see why St. Denis himself should be so much lauded for dispensing with the appendage! He was also guilty of being the intimate friend of Nicolas Flamel, that magic notary of Paris, who discovered the philosopher's stone! Both were rumoured to belong to some mysterious sect of illuminati who, like the later Rosicrucians, united some strange and threatening system of polity with the pursuit of science.

And thus by birth, by education, by the im-

pulse that elevates Mind against Might, Huéline was at war with the dominant influences of the age in which she had the misfortune to be born. Upon a temperament so volcanic, the misfortunes that struck her name and party fell like bolts that fire the ground they strike! The miseries and degradation of the masses—from which the prejudices of the age distinguished none but the nobly born and the powerful, were personified to her in her own sufferings and in those of a beloved father. An order of things that reduced genius, ambition, and enterprise so lofty to the perpetual level of the Grande Boucherie, could not but provoke its scorn and hatred. And, fashioned by nature for the brilliant enjoyments of ambition and pleasure, the momentary but dazzling possession which her father's stormy elevation conferred on her, rendered the languor and degradation of her subsequent existence almost intolerable. The reckless audacity displayed in her performance of the part of the poor scholar evinced almost an indifference to life itself.

And yet Huéline had long been betrothed to a rich, young, and by no means ill-looking husband in the person of Renaud Caboche, who loved her

to a mad excess. She was solemnly pledged to become his wife, as soon as her father was released from his dungeon. Until then she had as solemnly vowed, that she would never entertain any idea of happiness or festivity, which indeed, under such circumstances, dwelling within sight of her father's place of torture, was scarcely possible.

The need for love ever athirst in such a heart, the generosity and compassion of her nature, gratitude and policy—rather than any emotion of warmer tenderness—won her consent to this arrangement. Jean de Troye's fall left his orphan friendless and penniless on the world—and Simon Caboche, himself suffering under grievous fines and penalties for his share in executing the learned demagogue's behests, immediately constituted himself her father and protector. When subsequently his sole remaining son and inheritor became enamoured of the orphan, Simon Caboche encouraged and aided him in every manner, until, vanquished by so much generosity, and the necessity of securing the aid of the Boucherie in effecting her father's release, Huéline made the compact above recorded. But the prospect of passing

her life in the shambles, with the Caboches, seemed to possess few allurements to her, considering the recklessness with which she hazarded it. The vehement but sensual and gross passion of the young master-butcher could indeed possess but few charms for a woman who mingled so much of spiritual tenderness and enthusiasm with all the fire and passion of her temperament.

And yet they loved—Huéline de Troye and Owen Tudor—the minstreless of the Boucherie and the descendant of the Cambrian kings! Nature takes no heed of the distinctions invented by man; so beautiful a pair could not meet, and feel that they were unsuited to each other by mere accidents of birth and training.

Huéline was formed to catch and enthrall a fancy so warm and poetically coloured as that of the young Welsh chieftain. It is true that she was two or three years older than her lover; but the circumstance, united with her rare talents, only added to her power. It mingled a degree of awe with his love, such as the ancestors of his race were wont to pay to their inspired priestesses. A warmer and fiercer passion gradually won upon

this spiritual one, but scarcely perceivably, for a time, even to Owen himself.

It was not in human nature indeed, at all events, not in youthful human nature, to resist the influences to which Owen was exposed. He found himself a prisoner, in all but the name, in the gloomy and disgusting precincts of the Grande Boucherie, where the only congenial object was a beautiful woman, around whom the most splendid and fascinating talents shed their glory. Wrapt as he was in his ambitious and romantic visions, mere beauty would not have subjected him so completely. It was the exquisite and indefinable union of genius and passion that, like the warmth mingling with the brightness of flame, irresistibly attracted him. The young poetess loved him almost from the first instant she beheld him, and with a fervour whose mere reflection might have kindled an answering glow. Her electric nature, surcharged with its suppressed passion and sensibility, burst into flames at the first stroke of the celestial bolt!

It was no marvel. Huéline beheld in the noble youth whom chance had cast in her path a

realization of all those vague dreams of beauty and glory which haunted her imagination. The perfection of Owen Tudor's person, his chivalrous generosity and courage, even his aristocratic haughtiness, riveted her interest. The effect was perhaps the more vivid that for the first time she admired noble qualities in a member of the detested order of the oppressors. But his free, impetuous, mountain spirit seemed more congenial with her visions than with their actualities—so at least hope whispered her! And Owen's admiration of poetry and minstrelsy, sciences in which she was so famed a mistress, harmonized from the first every jarring impulse. Huéline was conscious that her genius entitled her to a lofty place, that faction and tyrannous prejudices denied to one so lowly born and of a fallen party. It pleased her well to find it acknowledged freely, unconditionally, enthusiastically as it was, by the enamoured pupil of Iolch Dhu.

On the basis of this mutual love of a beautiful and alluring science, the passion, which so marvellous a conjunction of circumstances kindled, found fuel and opportunity to glow and unite. At first suspected only in flaming glimpses by

Owen, Huéline knew at once, with the instinct of destiny, the nature of the impulse that stirred all the powers of her existence, and re-animated its spent energies. All other thoughts and purposes became absorbed in the devouring necessity and resolve to be loved again !

Owen's attachment to minstrelsy was evinced by the harp which he was at the pains of carrying about with him. It was, therefore, very natural that he should take pleasure in adding to his own wild stock the more refined effusions of the land whither he had wandered. And once again Huéline resumed the exercise of her disused art. Highly cultivated mistress as she was of it, the French minstrelless took a new and eager pleasure in uniting her poesy to the melodies of the stranger. The national music of Wales presented characteristics of wild and melancholy grandeur that delighted the once brilliant and joyous poetess of Champagne ! Royal and heroic bards first taught the Cymric harp its strains ; but the plaintive notes of lamentation and defeat, which mingled incessantly amidst all their defiance and martial energy, was in harmony with the conflict in her nature.

It is true that she no longer composed, and that she thus kept the letter of the farewell wherewith she resigned her chaplet. Perhaps she feared to trust herself with the expression of the new inspiration that glowed in her heart—hoped still to deceive herself—would not listen to the language which must utter her secret soul! In the virginity of passion there is a delicacy that shrinks even from its own contemplation. But she remembered the lays of her glorious dawn, the beautiful chansons and romances that made her name renowned in France! Once more she poured them forth into the enchanted ears of her lover—brilliant, light, gay, and captivating as the wine of her father's native province—of Champagne—even as she herself had sung! And if a deeper glow of tenderness, more fiery touches of passion, marked the progress of a new science in her soul in the versions she gave of those remembered lays, she herself knew not always how or why she changed the word or the sentiment, or even at times the whole meaning of the legend! It is certain she was no longer so inclined to the sarcastic gaiety and raillery that pleased the laughing malice of the Parisians.

The Caboches had very little taste for the finer arts of life, and were busied in political agitation and struggle with the usurping craftsmen who, on the breaking up of their privileges, rushed in to share the wrecks. Almost from the first, Renaud took a great dislike to the Armagnac knight, and shunned his company as much as possible. Yet he could not reasonably expect that so honourable a guest should be left alone, and he seemed to have no pretence for finding fault, as his sister Gules was supposed to be always of the company which Huéline afforded him. But Gules had her own important avocations to attend to, that frequently called her away from the remote apartment containing the relics of Jean de Troye. And, even when present, she was in general too much engaged with her proper smiling reveries, and in knitting lace, or in playful warfare with Rhys, who insisted on helping her in all her avocations—and specially in watering Huéline's terrace-garden—to attend to other people's affairs. Gules knew that her brother was one of the richest matches in Paris, and that the orphan of Jean de Troye was betrothed to him—and she never dreamed of the possibility of a burgess damsel

falling in love with a knight. For a time the poor little soul did not imagine it at all likely that one of that degree should dare fall in love even with a squire, though courteous, affable, merry, good-natured, and amusingly unintelligible, as Rhys ap Goronwy.

And thus were the knight and minstreless abandoned to a dangerous privacy, without exciting the suspicions of the parties most concerned in preventing it. Air and exercise were judged necessary to the youthful stranger, whom a languid fever soon began to assail. He was totally unacquainted with Paris; and there was great danger that, in wandering from the precincts of the Boucherie, he might go where he would risk falling into the power of his enemies. What could be more natural than that his gentle hostesses should guide him by the secret ways with which they were familiar, to enjoy the twilights of May in the forest and park of the Abbey of St. Germain?

Owen also showed a strong desire to study astrology, in which science Huéline was an adept. He was harassed with a singular inquietude to learn what faith might be put in it, and in the predictions deduced from its rules. Huéline was

incredulous in this science as in almost all those she had fathomed; but, finding that Owen seemed desirous to trust in it, she concealed the sentiment. It pleased her well to discourse of the stars and of Heaven with him—to wander in the bright May nights beneath the celestial vault itself—the only planetary sphere she used in her instructions. Yet when to gratify him, and in the vague longing after the lofty and mysterious in destiny which animates spirits of sublimer order, she exhausted her eloquence in the assertion of their influence over humanity, Owen murmured doubts, and seemed to wish not to believe!

A woman so alive to the very breath of feeling could not long doubt that the fervid sentiments glowing in her own bosom were shared by her lover. Long ere Owen himself, in the modesty of his youth and inexperience, perceived in what a net he was entangled, his beauteous capturer exulted in the hope that she had enthralled him for ever! Passion gleamed in his eyes, trembled in his voice, paled the youthful bloom on his cheek! All that puzzled the French minstrel was, that he gave it no utterance in word or deed that he could by possibility control. And

yet, on this airy basis, she built as magnificent a structure of hope and happiness as ever enamoured fairy raised for a palace wherein love and pleasure might securely dwell.

We have seen—Huéline, too, was dazzled by that splendid mist which at times rises from the surging sea of human misery—that calenture of noble spirits—that vision of universal happiness and regeneration that, like a new creation, perhaps requires a new chaos as a preliminary. But now she united, in some inexplicable manner, her sire's dream of an enfranchised and triumphant democracy, with her own of a noble and knightly leader, whose chivalrous qualities should throw lustre on the cause and its vulgar instruments! A hero who should at once lead a populace and dictate laws to nobles and kings, concentrated all the glorious rays of her enthusiasm; and this her idolizing fancy shaped in the young and generous errant-knight of Wales. To free her father—and with him a nation—redeem herself from the Caboches and the Boucherie—become the wife of the beloved and beautiful warrior!—almost impossibilities as they were—became, in her glowing reveries, feasible and likely purposes.

The wife!—Huéline was aware that great obstacles intervened to this consummation. She felt, and felt with an intensity which only a soul so lofty, trammelled by lowly destinies, can feel—that, poor and desperate adventurer as the Welsh knight seemed, the prejudices of caste separated them like creatures of different elements! Owen's pride of birth she early detected, though she by no means fathomed its depth and rooted hold. The indistinct but towering grandeur of his aspirations were too congenial to her own to pass unobserved. Yet she despaired not. She felt the power and ascendancy of her own bright and daring genius. She despised, as unjust and unreal, the prejudices that opposed her; for she knew herself on more than equality, in all natural points, with the most distinguished of her sex. She confided in her beauty, in her wit, in the subtlety and penetration of her talents, in the magnitude of the services she could render, in the love she had inspired—to vanquish those phantoms of pride—ignorant, of course, of Owen's claims to royal birth, and of the dazzling superstition which raised his hopes to such starry heights of fate.

Under these impressions, the minstrelless mul-

tiplied around Owen all the allurements that genius, love, and beauty can lend to woman. But little, indeed, did she suspect the nature of the struggle thus kindled and fanned in her lover's bosom.

Huéline soon discerned, and, for awhile, with pride and satisfaction, the reverential homage that chastened all the increasing fervour of Owen's feelings. And yet it was not easy for a Parisian girl of the fifteenth century—or, indeed, of any century—to understand that druidic veneration of the sex that mingled in the most ardent reveries of the young stranger from the Sacred Isle. She perceived, it is true, with the delight which the freshness of every thing, and, above all, of the human heart, inspires, that Owen loved for the first time—for the first time contemplated woman with the eyes of passion. But she could not fathom wherefore he shunned all the numerous opportunities she gave him for the expression of the sentiments that burned in his eyes—why, when they were alone, his whole manner changed, and became so cold and reserved—why, often as he covered her hands with kisses, he never ventured to raise their fluttering flight to that warm bower of roses

that seemed to woo them to delight—why, finally, it almost seemed as if he shunned her company—was pleased no longer with those delicious and enamouring lays which flowed in music from her lips! Unhappily Huéline began to imagine that, in her quality of instructress, she had clothed herself with too cold a dignity—and her natural warmth and tenderness suggested but too sweet and powerful a means of dispelling it!

Thus far, Owen struggled fairly with the passion that wooed him in such exquisite forms. When first he became conscious of its nature and power, he made a firm and resolute—stand, unhappily! If he had betaken himself to flight, it was perhaps yet possible to secure a triumph. But it was so pure, so delicious, so irresistible a happiness to behold her—to listen to her charmed voice—to feel the breath of her movement pass him like the waves of music—that he could not resolve to deprive himself of them! His ambition and pride rushed, in all their glittering masses, to his aid, and gave him a false security. They persuaded him, that the idea of relinquishing the magnificent promises of his horoscope, of debasing the royalty of his blood and the grandeur of his

destiny by a union with the ward of a butcher's charity, the daughter of a rebellious apothecary, was an impossibility. On the other hand, his chivalrous sentiments, the modesty of his youth, the reverence that entered so largely in his love, respect for the rights of hospitality (inspired by a barbaric education), persuaded him that he ran no risk of attempting so signal a breach of every law of honour as must be involved in any unlawful gratification of his passion.

But when Huéline applied all the resources of her voluptuous and subtle genius, in union with her personal beauty, to subdue a resistance whose nature she only partially comprehended, Owen knew no longer how to defend himself. The more he resisted, the more resistlessly did the bright minstreless scatter her sorceries! Still Huéline felt herself foiled—still she perceived that her loving artifices were baffled by some invisible but infrangible obstacle—that she fell short of her aim in a surprising manner, as if she shot with arrows of fire, that rushed themselves away as they sped to their mark! Owen could not but yield, at times, to the overpowering impulse of the emotions thus enkindled in his young blood;—but

those tremulous outbursts died away in silence, or in entreaties for pardon, which seemed by their remorse and shame to confess sentiments far different from those Huéline sought to inspire. The first love of woman is always pure—and seeks only to unite itself with purity.

With the instinct of her sex, Huéline sought in jealousy a stimulant to her lover's laggard passion. She tortured him with displays of affection for Renaud Caboche, partly feigned to lull his suspicions, and partly the result of a short-sighted feeling of compassion. But it excited in Owen a vehement sentiment of rivalry, heightened by the silent but scowling dislike and mistrust which he felt the young butcher cherished against him. He was witness of rough caresses and freedoms that excited at once his wrath and envy to the highest, rendered the more poignant by the reproach and coquetry of Huéline's glances at him even while suffering his rival's tenderness!

Everything contributed to the march of the catastrophe; but specially some circumstances with which Owen was unacquainted. The dangerous steps of Huéline were precipitated by secret movements and events among her party, of

which he was of course ignorant. When Owen first arrived in the Boucherie, the project of restoring the power of the Duke of Burgundy by a Parisian insurrection was a favourite one with the whole party, but was as yet but vaguely formed. The general disarmament of the Burgundian mob, the vigilant precautions observed, and the concentration of the military power of the Armagnacs around and in the capital, made it but little remote from an impossibility. But now the rumoured intentions of the constable and his adherents to march into Normandy, against the King of England, gave new hopes to the designs of their bosom foes.

The triumph of a Burgundian insurrection was also essential to the projects of love and ambition that filled the heart of Huéline. But the Norman expedition would carry with it him whom she meant to be the demigod of the storm! There was consequently no time to be lost, in winning him to the party he was to lead. Moreover, many fears assailed her: the jealousy of Renaud Caboche was but fretfully asleep, and a sharper espial had reappeared on the scene, whom she had some

reason to deem animated by a similar quickening sentiment.

This was the one-eyed beggar of the Parvis, or, as must by this time be conjectured, the prime agent of the Duke of Burgundy in Paris—the subtle, intriguing, and daring Sir Pierre de Giac.

This man was a favoured counsellor of John the Fearless, and was held to be as crafty as his master was ferocious. He was a peculiar object of hatred with the Orleanists, as he was suspected to be the adviser of the murder of their chief. This opinion was partly founded on the fact that he was of low birth, having raised himself by his talents and court intrigues to rank and power, from a very poor station at the bar of Paris. The nobles always concluded—and with good reason—that persons who had risen from the classes they oppressed, detested them, and laboured at their destruction. But the favour of the duke, and his own sagacity, preserved de Giac from the effects of their malice and envy; and it was probably the union of the subtle qualities of his mind with the headstrong violence of his master, that

produced the singular mixture of artifice and cruelty observable in the deeds of John the Fearless.

Whether in the hope to profit more by the influence Huéline exercised, or that his cold and misanthropic heart was in reality touched by her beauty and accomplishments, de Giac had often betrayed sentiments which, if Huéline had been ambitious only, might have excited her attention. But she detested and despised the cruel and calculating agent, while she served the daring principal; and the cold cheer she made him effectually froze his loving aspirations, if, in reality, he had any. For it was extremely doubtful. De Giac was a master of dissimulation. He feared the Caboches—he was too old and withered to hope anything personal, and, plebeian as he was, he had, as is the wont of such men, adopted and exaggerated all the haughtiest prejudices of the rank he had reached. Huéline was to him, too, a butcher's ward, an apothecary's daughter!

After staying away for some time, in great disgust and alarm at the Armagnac knight's admission into the Boucherie, this personage, still more

alarmed and disgusted at his protracted sojourn, secretly revisited it—secretly, at least, to Owen Tudor. Huéline soon discerned his evil influence. Feigning only to be animated by political motives, de Giac managed to infuse suspicions of a different character into Simon Caboche himself! In him it was that the minstrelless most dreaded the formation of such mistrust. She knew his devoted fondness for his son—his jealousy of the honour of his blood—the suddenness and brutality of his passions—that he was prouder of his hereditary dignity as Chief of the Butchers than a monarch of his diadem, and, than a Spanish hidalgo, of the purity of his descent and race. He was animated by an unceasing thirst for revenge against the whole Armagnac party, which might easily, on provocation, concentrate against a member of it. Three of his sons had perished in the course of the conflicts between the factions. One, who was slain in battle, he never seemed to regret; but to the manes of Philibert and Lambert, who were hung till they rotted, on the gibbet of Montfaucon, he had vowed a hecatomb!

He began to grow impatient of the gentle but firm repulses his overtures received, and of Huéline's excuses and promises of their guest's speedy conversion.

CHAPTER III.

THE SONG OF THE MERMAID.

THE minstreless of the Boucherie was unhappily insensible to her own peril in the task she had undertaken. All she learned of Owen Tudor, of his noble and uncontaminated youth, his high honour and integrity, spread her confidence in him boundlessly. She imagined that the struggle in his heart was only between pride and love, and both sentiments were stirred to the utmost in her own bosom with the thought. She loved with the frenzied fervour of a poetical inspiration as well as the warmth of an impassioned woman's heart. Meanwhile, Owen's tottering resolutions and inward conflict gave a languid fire to his eyes, a melancholy and hesitation to his whole demeanour, that added compassion to the tenderness which already melted her soul to the most dangerous impressions.

The multiplication of those fascinations, the bewildering sorceries of allurements poured forth by the enchantress with the profusion and endless variety of the diamond mines of genius, could not always be withstood by one merely human. And Owen was very human—in the first flush and vigour of his strong and fiery passions! Penetrating as she was, Huéline could not understand the full power of the philtres of passion she administered, for, after all, she was a woman, and her lover was a man. The purity of the flame of love in woman misguides her but too oft! Huéline's soul ached only with desire to know the truth—to be assured by his own lips that he loved! Unhappy sex, that believes in the lips of man!—while Owen's—but amidst all the wanderings of his imagination, honour continually brought them back again to an innocent fold. The recollection of his prophecy frequently came to his rescue: his hopes in it were rekindled by the very circumstance of the directness of the application of its warnings to the minstrel of the Boucherie! But it gave him an imaginary strength. The voices of reason and honour grew fainter as those of passion waxed louder and more irresistibly

musical. And the efforts which the syren made to vanquish this strange resistance inspired him with the most dangerous of the phantasies that had yet visited him. The consuming thought entered his soul that only his own hesitation stood in his way to the supreme happiness of being beloved by a creature so beautiful and gifted that she seemed to Owen one of another and loftier species of humanity !

And it was under such circumstances that Gules Caboche found herself under the necessity of attending to some domestic arrangements which she said would detain her until nightfall, when she would be sure to return and kindle the lamps. There was not much that was unusual in this. Gules rarely neglected her household duties on any account ; and of late the most especial appeared to her to attend to the comforts of Rhys ap Goronwy. The good squire had been absent on a customary excursion to the Grand Châtelet, with his master's entreaties to be summoned from his sanctuary—and brought back better news than usual : Taneguy Duchâtel sent word that the first divisions of the army of Normandy were moving from the garrisons beyond Paris, that

the Dauphin was to join it almost immediately, and that, as he commanded the guard of the young prince, Owen was to hold himself in readiness to depart at a few hours' notice, under his protection! Gules unaccountably wept at this joyful intelligence, and, thinking she could not make too much of her guest now she was about to lose him, she descended to see with her own eyes that he was refreshed with the best viands and the oldest wines in the house.

Nor was there anything unusual in Huéline's presence in the chamber containing the wrecks of her sire's possessions. Gules and her betrothed sister usually spent many hours of the day in it, endeavouring to enliven the species of imprisonment endured by their guest—to charm away his languid hours with lively female chat, and the thousand nameless attentions which only women know how to pay to a beloved guest. Little fragrant presents of flowers and fruit—reading—music—laughter—sent the hours dancing past—without counting the dangerous intoxication of pleasure the lovers felt in each other's company, which might alone have supplied the place of all things else.

In mutual embarrassment, rather than from any desire felt by either to peruse the sage allegory made so frequently the pretext of their interviews, the minstrel and her lover read, as was mentioned previously, in the "Romance of the Rose." The dry, metaphorical, scholastic account delivered in its verses of the progress of love, received indeed a marvellously illumining commentary from the mingling glances—the sighs, the smiles—the tremulous tones both of tutoress and disciple; yet, on the whole, under a quaint and tedious personification, the verses of Maitre Guillaume de Lorris gave no such bad picture of a passion fretted and obstructed by obstacles, as not to be recognised by those suffering under a similar malady. Owen ceased to read—with the strange request we have commemorated—to be allowed to gaze instead!

It was the hour of sunset, and the rosy splendour of the sky shone in upon them as they sat, while the benign perfume of the lofty gardens of Jean de Troye contributed its enervating influence. Owen's heart beat wildly as a deer's in the toils—but Huéline either did not, or would not, perceive his agitation. She threw herself disdainfully back in her arm-chair, with the pettish exclamation re-

corded at the commencement of the preceding chapter. A flamy glow was on her cheek, and a troubled light gleamed from her downcast eyelashes on the tears that loaded them. Something of wrathful shone amidst all the beauty of her countenance, like the fierce gleams of the sun through a thundercloud. In truth, her resolution was formed! She was determined, at whatever risk, to know the limit of the fears and hopes that alternately tormented her. The cataract had reached the edge of the abyss!

“But thou weariest me, dear knight, to gaze for ever on me—thus!”

Owen felt this reproach to the depths of his soul. The dew on those long sultry eyelashes melted his heart away in floods of remorse and tenderness. He felt, with all his inexperience, that the signs of passion to which he had so often yielded must render the silence of his lips strange—even insulting! Fortunately for him, the sweetness that shared in all the anger of her tones reminded him, by some association, of the strange rhyme in his prophecy, which until then he had but vaguely considered—

"Too no daughter but a king's,
Sweetly though the Mermaid sings!"

It almost seemed to the fantastic Celt as if he saw before him—listened to the fatal allurements of the songs of one of those syren daughters of the deep! The waves that flowed round the Sacred Isle—his father's deathbed—his solemn promises—his glorious prophecies—all rushed back in rapid sequence upon his memory, and gave him courage.

"Wouldst thou deprive me, bright Huéline, of the sole happiness that ever may be mine—to gaze on thee?" he faltered. "I know not how it is, but thy beauty brings tears to mine eyes—like the memory of the dark silver twilight of mine own land!"

"Some rosinness of early morning will be around thee soon—thou wilt forget me!—the damsels of the court are fair, and noble, and wealthy! What is Huéline to remember?" returned the minstrelless.

"Fear them not—doubt not that such can make me forget thee!" returned Owen. "Ah! thou knowest not wherefore I am silent with a

bursting soul—what oaths—what prophecies—trammel me!—else would I tell thee what talisman I have against any charms, wealth, or power! I have sworn to fulfil mine horoscope, if human efforts may—sworn to a dying father, dearest Huéline!—And that prophecy bids me, ‘Woo no daughter but the daughter of a king!’”

“The daughter of a king!—knight, surely thou ravest?” replied Huéline, after a pause of astonishment, but with a deep inward chill at the heart.

“Hear it, then—thou art skilled in all such lore! The famed magician, Glendower, who thrice compelled the thunder and hail to descend Snowdon, and do battle with our enemies, drew for me this horoscope!” said the Welsh chieftain, urged by an almost inexplicable mixture of emotion. But he recited the lines of Glendower’s prophecy with the fraught enthusiasm that makes converts; or, at all events, proves the sincerity of the attempt.

Huéline listened, like one petrified, to this singular effusion, which flashed explanations upon her bewildered fancy. The remembrance of Owen’s astrological researches—of his supersti-

tion—of the mysterious allusions he had not unfrequently dropped to the destinies in store for him—rushed upon her in overwhelming confusion. Yet something of the ridiculous so irresistibly joined in all the extraordinary matter of this revelation, that she could not forbear a sudden and startling laugh, that yet seemed to have an edge like jagged lightning.

“And for a madman’s dream—for what else was Glendower—what else is astrology, starry science though it be?—wilt thou resign—abandon?—But it is true! You say well, knight! I am skilled in these sciences—let me peruse this horoscope!” she said, stopping the first wild outburst of her feelings, almost with equal suddenness.

The demand rekindled some of the most irritating of Owen’s recollections, and he was indignant at the ridicule which his magnificent pretensions excited.

“In mine own land—simple knight though I mount my charger in France—I am known to be of royal blood, more ancient than that which wears your crown!” he replied, adding, with a fierce scarlet suffusion of the cheek, “But, for mine horoscope, I lost it in the silver egg at the Vire—

to an English knight, from whom I trust yet to win it back!"

Huéline was not so unacquainted with the adventure of the Deliverance of Arms as its young hero doubtless expected. The glorious associations the remembrance threw around him added stings to the shame, regret, and indignation in her heart. Altogether this inspired a keen exasperation—a fervid resolution to her purposes—which hitherto had been lacking. Her whole manner changed, with a very slight pause, to laughing gaiety and seeming carelessness.

"No damsel of France, then, under degree of a king's daughter, may hope to win your favourable regards?" she said with a smile that concealed infinite agony. "Noble messire! why did you not announce it so at the beginning, to spare so much vain trouble? And yet, look you, the Heavens glow as brightly over the lowly Boucherie as over the royal bowers of St. Pol!—or has some god by accident overturned his nectar among the clouds above us? It is well; you put me fairly on my guard—that whoso would win you must spare you the threats of your prophecy, by wooing you, not waiting to be wooed!"

“Brightest one! in what manner wouldst thou woo, that should not be too irresistible?” said Owen, much relieved at this reception of a communication which he hoped, and yet dreaded beyond almost any suffering, would put an end to the struggle and overwhelming temptations under whose assault he felt himself in continual danger of succumbing.

“In what manner should a minstrel woo, but in song?” replied Huéline. “And, in so good a cause, I could be tempted to forget mine old resolve—to be once more that Huéline whom Raymond of Marseilles praised—whose lays did ever win the jongleurs their suppers!”

“Yea, sweetest one! sing something gay and full of hope and in love with life! My soul darkens when I think how sad thou wert, what time thy Lament was sung, thou that art so young, so beautiful, so worshipped!” said Owen, brokenly.

“I did never belie my soul; I was sorrowful then, I am joyous now!” returned the minstrelless. “But we poets are the very chameleons of change: list, how my lay rejoices too! It is in part, a dream; but I would have those who sing

it, call it—The Fountain of Love!—not the Dream of Huéline!”

And she touched the chords of Owen's harp which was beside her, and sang—perhaps improvising as she went, for habit and melodious intuition gave the minstrelless of the Boucherie almost as much power over her less flexible language as was boasted by the Provençal troubadours over theirs. The measure she used was so various, that it formed rather a cadenced and harmonious prose than any regular rhythm. The fanciful idea embodied in the lay was in the allegorical taste of the age, but was not without originality and beauty sufficient to captivate the taste of the enamoured listener.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

And said I, Lute! for aye be mute?
 And said I, Hope, thy dirge is sung?—
 'Twas so, or seemed; nor o'er me gleamed
 One branch to which my spirit clung
 Of all that golden tree!
 And oft a form, of shadowy storm,
 With lurid hand, would beckon me!—
 And voices of sad melody
 Chanted that Death and Peace are one;
 And bade me track the dying sun

To some rich realm of crimson light
Beyond the farthest grasp of night !
All earth was cheerless, void, and dun
Such as the wintry twilight leaves
That lingers, and yet, lingering, grieves.
And cold and calm I deemed my breast,
 A dark lake in its mountains lost,
By no soft-stirring breeze caressed,
 By no wild-freshening tempest crossed :
For like a ship on an unmoving wave
A restless still was on me—death without the grave !
Thus woeful, 'mid the bloom of spring,
I strayed—an uncongenial thing!
To me the sweet winds brought no balm,
The shadowy valleys breathed no calm,
 The rose was little beautiful !
I could have wept, I knew not why,
 To hear the lavish birds on high,
 Trilling the woodlands full !
To mark the colours of the sky
Reflected in the violet's deep blue eye,
 And feel it too must die !
 So lovely—so unblest—
Seemed to me all things, that my weary soul
 Sighed for some universal close,
Some deluge of forgetfulness to roll
 Over creation's throes !

And thus I wandered, led by chance,
 Till the deep woodland oped a zone
 Of grassy emerald, far and lone,
Where moonlight fay might love to dance—
 And there a Fountain rose.
Its diamond showers of watery light
Did ever keep the verdure bright,
 Fed by incessant tears.

And flowers of every hue and glow—
 Love's latest blush—his earliest snow—
 Bloomed all above, around, below!—
 And in it bathed a form divine,
 A form of sculptured light—like thine—

But scarce such ripening years!
 And bright wings fluttered o'er his head
 In feathery rainbows that did shed
 Such sweetness, all my soul grew faint!—
 And with their languid tears, mine eyes
 Brooded like those of summoned saint
 That leaves some loved one, for the skies!—
 Ah, fain, ah, fain, I would have fled,
 But the Enchanter spake, and then
 I lingered like the spell-bound men
 That hear the mandrake shriek, for well

I knew that there was fate and death
 In all the nectar of his breath,
 In all the heaven he promised—hell!

"Know'st thou me not?" he sung or said,
 "Thou priestess of my brightest shrine,
 Where worshipped the Leucadian maid,
 Where love and glory mingling twine!—
 What mean'st thou thus to muse and pine,
 And waste the gorgeous light of youth
 In seeking that vast lie, called Truth?
 For nought is real but my rich joys!

Honour, ambition, fame are nought!
 All that man's restless hour employs
 Save my delights, are vainly bought!
 For what can shadows yield of bliss?
 Only what sense embraces—is!
 The rest but seems—a realm of dreams!

Fear not!—why shouldst thou fear? Thy brow
 Marked thee for ever mine—as now!—

In all things that are grand, and bright,
And beautiful, and wild, and sad—
The flowers of day, the stars of night,
The wildering thoughts that some deemed glad,
The sunset's splendour, and the might
Of tempests when they rend the oak,—
Huéline ! thou hast loved ; my stroke
But fires the nursed volcano's strength,
And thou art wholly mine at length !—
Heed not these spectral shades that gleam
Around my ever-haunted stream !
Though Dido's breast be gored and red,
And Cleopatra's agony
Bends her most like a stately tree
Over her Aspic's panting head !
Neither would lose the bliss they shared
With all the woe they wrought or dared !—
A desolate height of ecstasy,
A burning ship upon the sea,
This wert thou born to be—and be !
Fear not !—the only woe of love
Is, not to be beloved again !—
Bend to my wave and prove
How sweet is even its pain !
Drink !"—and my trembling lips I bent
Unto the charmed brim !
Ah, mocking fate ! what vision rose
So bright—so like—to Him ?
What burning lip met mine so sweet
The sun did ne'er his roses greet
More fraught with living fire !
What radiance lit the magic wild,
What Eden bloomed around and smiled
With purple glows of young desire ?
What raised the universal pall,
And shone like dawning over all ?

I wronged thee, Science, when I said,
Thy sandy seas we vainly wade !
 As torchlight fires a sparry cave
 With rainbow lightnings, snaky splendours,
 Of all the hues the heavens e'er gave,
So, Love, thy bursting radiance renders
 Those gathered treasures of the soul !
 And back did all the full tide roll
 Of my youth's frenzy—and this lay
 Rushed forth—as torrents to the day !

I love, I love !—what spell of fear
 For nature's child hath nature's voice ?
 And I will speak—let all earth hear,
 And in my joy rejoice !
Away, away, ye antique tales,
 Ye dismal bars that rise between !
Let toothless Custom make her wails
 In prison walls herself hath built !
Free as the birds that love for love,
 And nothing more, our love shall be—
As Innocence first loved, for Guilt
 Invented first—security !

Let rules bind serving souls ; but we
Have Nature's heritage—are free !
A poet's burning soul is mine,
Shall wreathe, shall mingle, melt in thine !
Cost what it will of weal or woe,
Let us life's wildest triumph know !
Raise to our lips the flamy draught
Made the gods deathless as they quaffed !
Though the last drop, by mortal breath
So madly drained, be ruin and death !
Thrice blest to perish thus—thrice blest,
When tasted is life's richest zest,
On its full wave to rush to rest !”

The effect of this lay upon the excited passions of Owen Tudor was little short of frenzy. Unfortunately, with other associations recalled to him by the image of the syren, with which he now almost identified Huéline, came to his memory some good advice bestowed on him by the monk of Llanvaes at parting. That learned preceptor seemed, from his earlier recollections, to entertain a great dread of the Parisian women, whom he represented under very disadvantageous colours, tintured, no doubt, by the gloom of the cloister, but not undeserved, in that age of licence. Owen applied these warnings to Huéline de Troye, but in a way his instructor certainly never intended! If she were of that light, variable, unrestrained race, wherefore should he alone refuse to taste the rare, though fugitive, delights offered by their love? As well refuse to smell the sweetness of a rose, because its perfume was also diffused in the general air!

And now even the warning contained in his prophecy lost its terrors: the ungenerous but overpowering thought took possession of Owen's soul, that he was wooed, not wooing! He spoke—and he spoke madness—the contagious mad-

ness of passion. Huéline's object was doubtless only to wring a confirmation of words—an anchorage for her heart, in its sea of hopes and fears. And never did youthful lover pour forth a more empassioned confession than that which rushed—like a freed torrent, indeed—to the lips of Owen Tudor! Yet the long-expected and panted-for assurance, under such circumstances, might well provoke the indignation that suddenly flamed in the splendid eyes of the minstrel.

“False knight! it was for this I sang, for this I wooed!—that I might learn thy full perfidy, and hate thee for it!” she exclaimed. “Dost thou deem, then, that Huéline de Troye may be loved as a paramour, and not as a wife? Is this thy knightly faith, thy knightly honour!—the reward of the love which I do and will not conceal I cherish for thee—and must for ever?”

The light in which this reproach placed Owen Tudor struck his own sense as so horrible, that he hastened, we know not with what frantic eloquence, to dispel it. What excuses—what arguments—what oaths he used—it were vain to repeat. But

the remorse, and even superstitious terror, with which the bare thought of such perfidy filled Owen's breast, glanced a delusive, a fatal inspiration into the heart of Huéline. There was despair in it too!—all the most bewildering passions of humanity at work in a nature that concentrated its strongest and most fiery essences! Owen avowed that, as his only hope to escape from the dangerous intoxication which possessed him—as his only hope to preserve an eternal love in purity—without violating his father's dying commands, and abandoning the hope of the redemption of his country—he spoke no longer of the magnificent promises of his horoscope—it was necessary to depart from the Boucherie—to leave the presence of Huéline for ever! At whatever risk, he would leave it—would hasten to the Grand Châtelet. This revelation was also an eternal adieu—to be sealed with the first, the last kiss—that ever he might dare to place on her lips!

Huéline shuddered when her lover gently glided his arm round her, as if a serpent had wreathed her; but, overwhelmed as she was with resplendent blushes, she raised her eyes that glowed

fathomlessly as light, full on his—and all was lost !

The fiend of passion himself, that prompted, wept over their crime—so noble was the structure he found—so utter the ruin he made !

CHAPTER IV.

THE CALL OF DESTINY.

“THREE strokes of the clock of Nôtre Dame!—within one little hour the destiny of a whole life!—all gained or all lost—within an hour!” mused the minstreless of the Boucherie, as she seated herself in the chamber of the terrace garden, awaiting Owen’s entry from his usual noonday exercise with his horse and arms in the yards of the Boucherie.

Books lay open around her, and she seemed to be lost in one of those minstrel meditations that the Caboches were wont to marvel at. But certes those were not altogether the colours of science that came and went like the undulations of flame in her complexion with the variations of the revery in which she continued plunged. Various, indeed!—for the emotions of hell and paradise, all that is dreadful in remorse, in shame, in fear—all

that is delicious in triumph, pleasure, and hope—wandered intertwinedly in her soul like vipers in a bed of the rarest flowers.

Remorse!—for it was now the terrible calm of the passions when they present themselves without their ornaments, angels of brightness changed into accusing fiends! And the towers of the Châtelet were in sight—the very symbol of the barbarous feudality she hated, the living grave of her sire, the stronghold of the Armagnac sway!—Shame! with what agony, however associated with frenzied happiness, did she retrace the events of the last few weeks! A soul so keenly alive in its sensibilities could not but feel to its depths the disgrace and dishonour which, as a woman, she had incurred by her fall. Huéline felt she had debased in the dust all the noble aspirations of her existence; that she had justified the contempt entertained by nobles and knights for the virtue of women of the inferior classes. Fear!—what did she not fear? With a passion heightened almost to madness, she now knew in her secret soul, or she dreaded it in her woman's heart, that she had lost her strongest hold on her lover—the imaginative idolatry of respect she had inspired. Of late

the conviction forced itself upon her that, in the uncomplex ideas of the young mountaineer, she must appear in the light of an empassioned paramour, familiar with the artifices of sensual love! The unhappy minstrelless obeyed but too eagerly the suggestions of her glowing fancy in multiplying the fascinations destined to make her lover forget she had lost the only permanently attractive one in woman—purity!

This thought mingled its poison throughout her revery, and breathed in the desponding melancholy of the words she uttered, after a pause. “He delays!—he was not wont to keep me waiting thus!” she murmured. “And his kiss at parting, methought, was cold as melting snow! Yet, though destruction dreg the draught, it is of nectar! Let the worst come, Owen, I am for ever a part of thee, of thy heart, of thy memory—for who forgets his first love wholly? Ay! happen what will, the freshest blossoms of thy heart and youth are mine! Of this joy, of this triumph, the leagued universe cannot deprive me!”

Yes, the most gorgeous and richly scented hues of triumph, pleasure, and hope, glowed amidst all those stinging recollections, as we have said.

Triumph and pleasure!—guilty, troubled, tempestuous—but still both, in an excess which to natures less powerfully and passionately organized would seem either impossible or destructive to existence itself. And for hope!—it was not difficult for so ardent and poetical an imagination to blossom all over with it, when warmed by so pervading an enthusiasm kindled into activity. Had she not won from him oaths which it would shake the heavens to violate—oaths of love and fidelity to the grave? Had he not sworn, the Love uniting them should be a priest mightier to bind faith than any the hands of man could consecrate? What though these pledges were poured in the delirium of a magic spell?—what though they were the ravings of passion excited to frenzy by artifices she crimsoned to remember? His chivalrous honour—his inexperience—even the remorse that tormented him—assured her of their power. And would not the completeness of the sacrifice she had made, the absolute manner in which she had thrown herself on the tenderness of his young heart, plead for her eternally? Whatever she had lost of her spell, had she gained nothing? Might not the associations of pleasure well replace those

of the cold homage and admiration he once possessed? Poor Huéline!—she imagined she had it yet in her power to retrieve all—to accomplish all the objects of her existence—redeem her father and her own honour—and become the wife of a popular hero in the person of a worshipped lover!

The departure of the Armagnac army was a thing decided. The dauphin was to take the command on an appointed day; and Owen received a summons to be in readiness, at the gates of the Boucherie, to join Sir Taneguy's squadrons on their march. Greatly to Huéline's surprise and alarm, he had eagerly signified his consent, and even impatience for the departure. Meanwhile the Burgundians of Paris matured the plan of a revolt, to burst into activity as soon as the main force of their enemies was sufficiently removed. The turncolour governor of Poutoise was secretly assembling a body of troops, with which to present himself suddenly before the capital; and, aided by the surprise, and an insurrection within the walls, he hoped to make his way into them in triumph.

It was necessary to keep Owen from sharing in the Norman expedition, or it is probable that

Huéline would have allowed the conspiracy to develop itself in such a manner as to give him an excuse, in the rush of circumstances, for the part she intended him to play. But that was impossible! De Giac, indeed, urged the prudence of making no further effort to gain him over, without, of course, dreaming of Huéline's purposes, or of the ruinous confidence she meditated. Simon Caboche and his son were also opposed to any more attempts. The continual praises dropped by de Giac of their young guest's beauty, and of the generous trust they placed in their betrothed, produced a strong effect on both. Yet Simon had a kind of rough liking for the young knight that induced him to yield to Huéline's persuasions, and consent to her making a renewed and last effort to detain him. It was to be attempted on this memorable day of the soliloquy.

Huéline waited long for her lover's step,—much longer than she had anticipated. She grew restless and vaguely discontented, she scarcely knew why. What was the consequence of a few minutes, more or less, seemingly?—At last he came, but not with the impatience and bounding step of yore. He was in his armour, pale and

exhausted with the unwearied exercise in the use of the arms of civilized chivalry to which of late he had devoted himself.

With all her sagacity, Huéline but partly fathomed the emotions that worked in her lover's breast from the fatal moment when an almost irresistible fascination overcame his generous sense of honour and integrity. Yet the forebodings of the human heart are seldom unfounded, least of all those of a woman who loves! The moon herself scarcely lost more in opinion, when she descended on Latmos to the arms of a mortal, than Huéline in those of her Welsh lover. His impetuous nature whirled him rapidly into any vortex of passion he approached, but the reflux left him to the sway of habitual influences, the force of which even Huéline's fears had not estimated. With the ideal grandeur and purity of her character vanished much of its enthralling spell over the son of druidic Arvon. He was too unmetaphysical and unsophisticated to sound the depths of the profound and gulfy abyss which the heart of Huéline de Troye inclosed. Fresh from the simplicity of his wild mountains, how could he fathom the complicated emotions that raged

in the bosom of this daughter of cities, of science, and overwrought feeling?

But when the delirium of passion was passed—when reason and reflection returned with their unwelcome lights—remorse and repentance scarcely ever visited even female innocence betrayed so acutely as they wrung the heart of Owen Tudor. He could not, indeed, resist the power of the spells which this Circe of passion continued to throw over him; but a devouring dissatisfaction and melancholy took possession of his inmost soul. The gratitude, the joy, the triumph such an adventure was likely to infuse, dictated, indeed, the fervent oaths wherewith he bound himself for ever hers. But if the idea of uniting his destinies by marriage to the daughter of a rebel apothecary had formerly appeared to the son of Arthur so impossible a submission, it may be imagined he did not now entertain it. Huéline herself spoke not of such a contingency—she gave all to love, and demanded only love in return. It seemed even a dreary satisfaction to the generosity of her nature—to its pride—to owe nothing to compassion, nothing to restraint. She disdained the common resources of her sex too much even to pretend any right of

reproaching her lover with their mutual fault. Nay, she assumed the office that in the code of guilty love should have been Owen's, and smiled and argued away with that golden sophistry of her eloquence the pangs of conscience and honour that tormented him. Perhaps in anticipation of the suspicions she knew her conduct was calculated to provoke, or in excess of self-condemnation, or in the defiance and pride of her nature, she even wronged herself by declaring that he had fallen like a victim into a snare she had laid for him. This was unjust to herself: her temptation, and its fatal success, were the inspiration of a maddening moment—of despair. But the avenging angel, whose office it is to punish the crimes of men by their consequences, took note of her words! Even the exaggerations of her remorse and feeling wrought against her. Her betrayal of the generous Caboches, the dishonour of her father's blood even in his dungeon, her abandonment of his democratic principles, the loss of innocence, of honour, of all that elevates humanity, she herself represented in the most flagrant colours that the eloquence of genius could lend despair! And Owen's own exalted notions on

female honour and purity arrayed themselves against her, almost while with his own lips he pleaded into frenzy the feelings that impelled the unhappy minstrel into forgetfulness of their restraints.

These sentiments were alone as sufficient to trouble his happiness as it might one, swallowing a draught of the richest wine, to know that there was poison in it, irresistibly sweet though the quaffs might be! At times he seemed to start from an enchanted dream, and yet strove to believe he was still in one, when he felt the stings of the recollections and remorse that roused themselves in his soul, and hoped that he might again awake, the Owen Tudor he had been! His prophecy frequently recurred to him, but no longer in alluring splendours, but with the threatening and fearful glare of the inscription on the wall! The conviction gained every hour force upon his secret heart that Huéline was indeed the syren of whose song he was to beware, who was to foil the illustrious promise of his horoscope—his sworn vengeance against England—all that the yearning love of his native land might prompt! The superstitious mountaineer even imagined there

was something of magic fascination in the influence Huéline's presence never failed to restore to her, over him and his destinies. The desire to be rid of these tormenting thoughts, to feel that he had regained power over his fate—above all, to free himself from the suffering his betrayal of the Cabochien hospitality inflicted on him, were Owen's strongest sentiments in the eagerness with which he accepted Taneguy Duchâtel's summons. He formed the hope and the resolve either to perish or to distinguish himself in the war, so as to open some way to fulfil his promises to his departed sire and vanquished land. The hope re-animating him, and he was consoled by being unable to discern in what manner Huéline was to thwart the accomplishment at least of his patriotic plans. She encouraged his warlike toils, procured him the aid of persons well skilled in the French manner of wielding arms, and seemed to take pride and glory only in the prospect of his achievement, of his renown !

Under these circumstances the lovers met. Owen was not altogether in a mood unsuited to Huéline's purposes. The prospect of parting with her rekindled his tenderness in much of its ear-

liest glow, and it appeared in the alarm and anger of his manner when she repulsed his caresses with a species of pettish disdain. Even the warmth and reiteration with which he vowed that he would return to lay the laurels he might win in the campaign, at her feet, revealed the fact. This furnished Huéline with an opportunity to commence her revelation; and throwing herself into his arms, with suffocating sobs and tears that nigh vanquished him, to begin with, she besought him not to leave her, to stay in Paris and achieve a glory and recompenses infinitely surpassing any he could hope for in the Armagnac service !

For awhile broken words, and sighs, and bewildering kisses continued the revelation; but it needed not Huéline's bright intelligence to perceive that the decisive moment was arrived. And if eloquence could have won a cause, if the most potent arguments of love, ambition, and even fear had not been combated in Owen's breast by rooted principles of his nature, Huéline must have triumphed. She felt that her all was thrown upon the die, and she was resolved to win it. But in vain !

“ Ah, dearest Owen ! ” she exclaimed, wreath-

ing him as if inextricably in her arms. “ Do not leave me to despair, to remorse, to the hell of mine own heart ! If thy blood be kingly, if thy destiny be to such glorious heights, it needs not a royal mother to make thy children the descendants of kings ! Wed me ; let me live to call thee my childrens’ father without a blush ! Thou hast sworn to love me for ever before heaven—what doth it matter if thou dost so, too, before man ? Wed me—redeem thy land, and let me share in the glorious toil ! I can give thee claims to the gratitude of France—at least, of John of Burgundy—which shall amply suffice to win thee the aid thou lackest—for he is liberal as the winds that scatter all they possess !—I hazard nothing in confiding it to thee—thou art myself, my better, nobler self !—Know, then, that the people of this great city—that perhaps appears to thee so broken to the yoke—await but the departure of the Armagnacs against Henry of England to rise in arms, and restore Paris to Duke John ! This is sworn, promised, concerted ! All is ready—but we need a leader of dazzling qualities, to win the popular eye ! Consent to become it—to become the master of Paris, and so of France ! The

people are generous and forgiving as women—even besotted in their dotage to those of noble blood—they are but few—who have pity on their sufferings, or but feign it! Already they love thee, know thy generosity, thy valour, thine audacity!—Wed me to-night, and to-morrow the Boucherie shall acknowledge thee as its chief and leader, despite all envy or contrary pretence!—A Capuchin friar, at my summons, awaits us secretly in the church of St. Jacques—dost thou consent?—Are we one for ever?”

The eloquence of the syren voice, the beauty of those impassioned eyes, that poured their purple-hued effulgence into Owen Tudor’s—all were neutralized by the recollections which thronged upon him at the bare mention of the name of Henry of England. The treachery to the party he had espoused—its menaced ruin—the advantages which must accrue to the English—the little probability that John of Burgundy would desert their alliance—rushed overwhelmingly upon him! His astonishment heightened into a feeling nigh akin to horror—and even an expression of fear passed over his face, as if indeed he gazed on the ter-

rible beauty of the sea-sorceress, enchanting some voyager beneath the waves.

We will not repeat the words of Owen Tudor's wrathful refusal. The imminence and certainty of the peril—the gulf of disappointment into which he fell from his rising hopes—might excuse the rash and violent terms he used, to a calm spectator—but not to Huéline de Troye. Words which maddened her burst from his lips—words that destroyed her last hope of redemption and retrieval!

“And wed thee!—wed *thee*!—But, indeed, thou hast devised a goodly means to make me worthy of wedding dishonour! A false deserter—a recreant knight—were a fitting match for the leman of one!—But do not dream it!—Thou hast ruined me—destroyed all my glorious promise—but thou shalt not disgrace the graves of my fathers!—Love thee for ever I must and will—but, wed thee, will I not—wert thou once again all that thou wast when first thy witchcraft caught me in its spells!”

The gathered strength of a southern tempest, wreaking itself in incessant lightning—lightning of every hue, jag, and stream—would scarcely

typify the frenzy of Huéline's reply. With all his remorse, Owen had never until then imagined himself to be such a monster of ingratitude, cruelty, and treachery! He was swept away by the torrent of her indignation—he scarcely knew what he said or did. He threw himself at her feet, and strove with apologies, entreaties, exhortations, to calm an anger which he himself felt was mercilessly provoked.

“Go to, go to!—And this is knightly honour—noble gratitude!” she continued, in the wild outburst of passion. “And dost thou deem that Huéline—that the daughter of Jean de Troye—was born to be thy miserable paramour!—that it was with such base fleshly love I loved thee!—Thou shalt learn!—Depart from the Boucherie!—depart for ever!—thou hast a secret will make thee acceptable to the Armagnacs—depart ere this sun sets, and never return—or—or—your prophecies may run some danger of never being fulfilled, indeed!”

“What is the matter, my honoured benefactress! Can I serve you in any manner?” said a voice which startled both the kneeling knight and the infuriate minstrelless, as if they had heard one

from a tomb. Owen leaped on his feet, but not in time, as both well perceived, to elude the glance of the mendicant of the parvis, purblind though he feigned to be. He stood peering over the threshold of the chamber like a suspicious old rat before it ventures from its hole. What he might have overheard, was for the instant a maddening conjecture; but Huéline perceived, in the next, with her rapid penetration, that the wrath which paled the naturally livid countenance of de Giac was directed exclusively against Owen Tudor. She perceived in that there was only one explanation could be offered which would not involve both in destruction.

“Far from consenting to remain with us—not to share the triumphs of our enemies—this good knight would have me to accompany him to Normandy—to enjoy the delights of a camp, as the leman of a ragged boy in a goatskin!” she exclaimed. “Thou art poor but honest, Pierre, and I call thee to witness that I give him but a few brief minutes to leave the Boucherie for ever!—Let the scholars rend him if they meet him on his way—we will give the Armagnacs no pretext to enter the Boucherie!—let him depart in peace!

And, to prove we have no secrets that we dread he might divulge to the Armagnacs, I will give him what shall be his passport to their favour and presence, for true it is, dishonoured knight, this poor beggar, whom thou wouldst have destroyed, found, and honestly delivered to my custody—the attestation of the English heralds to thy mad feats on the Vire!”

The mendicant made a slight, fierce gesture, which he suddenly restrained; and Huéline, opening a casket of rare inlaid brass-work at which Owen had often unsuspectingly gazed, produced the parchment indited by Paon and the King of Scots. There was unutterable anguish in the look with which she handed it to him, but the severity of her words was unabated. Amidst all his trouble and indignation, Owen was amazed at the perfection of what might certainly be called her acting in the part of a woman of the keenest sensibility and honour, outraged by such a proposition as that imputed to him! What a marvellous compound is man!—at the moment when his cage-door were open to him, he hesitated to spread his wings! But for the entreaty in Huéline’s eyes, that seemed

to implore him to have mercy on them both, he might possibly have refused to embrace the opportunity of retreat and evasion she offered him.

“Go; go instantly!—and return not till I recall you, false knight!” she exclaimed, with so wonderful a power of intonation that Owen felt there was as much tenderness and relenting as wrath in her heart. “Go!—within half an hour, old Pierre shall learn if you yet linger!—within half an hour, the Caboches shall know what recompense you projected to yield their hospitality!”

Within half an hour Owen Tudor was on his way to the Grand Châtelet—to the presence of its fierce Provost. In what mood he hastened down to the yards of the Boucherie, where he had left Rhys and his ready caparisoned charger, may be perhaps imagined, but not analysed—so confused and heterogeneous was the ferment. Luckily the son of Goronwy had not yet concluded his task of unharnessing his master’s steed. He had apparently been otherwise engaged, perhaps as he himself rather hesitatingly explained, in mending the ring of the Damsel Caboché’s great bunch of keys.

It pleased the Chevalier Sauvage to announce only that, having discovered his lost diploma of the Vire, he had determined to go to the Châtelet, and deliver it in person to the Provost of Paris. Rhys did not imagine for a moment but that they were to return, yet he looked rather blank at the summons; and it was not until some obvious signs of his lord's impatience appeared that he performed his functions with the requisite alacrity. He had no steed on which to accompany his master, and seemed to expect that he was to remain behind; but this Owen would not permit. The young knight could not fathom the reluctance of his usually zealous servitor to follow him until they were in motion to leave the yards of the Boucherie, cavalry and infantry abreast. But a florid female visage, ruddy all over with blushes, appeared in astonishment at one of the innumerable little casements overlooking it. And then Owen perceived, by the extreme joy and similar colouring up of his vassal's visage, that his love was returned, and—inno-cent.

The Chevalier Sauvage was not altogether unfortunate in timing the hour of his departure from the Boucherie. He arrived at the Grand Châtelet

almost at the very moment when Sir Taneguy, surrounded by his usual armed retinue, was mounting his horse to attend a council of his party at the palace, or, as it was more commonly called, the King's Hostel of St. Pol.

The Provost was greatly and very visibly surprised at the apparition of his warlike protégé; but he was satisfied and even pleased with a somewhat faltering explanation, regarding the recovery of the diploma of arms, its achiever's weariness of the Boucherie, and resolve to defy the malice of his scholastic enemies by quitting its walls.

"Thou art welcome, and the rather that thy coming refutes La Trimouille's lies, who swore thou hadst turned purple, in the shambles, and wouldst not with us to Normandy!" he said. "For my part, I thought thou wert making merry with yonder handsome glee-maiden—and I hoped she might tell thee some of their secrets!—What are the news among the Burgundians? For, since thou hast left the game of thine own accord, no doubt thou art weary of it! How like they our Norman expedition?"

Owen coloured deeply as he replied, evasively—

confused at the idea of the danger which his silence or his speech must cause to one party or another—but unwilling to say aught that might compromise Huéline. “I am no espial, messire! Nor are the women of the Boucherie likely to babble to an Armagnac guest, for methinks they are fiercer Burgundians than the men!”

By this time Sir Taneguy had opened the parchment handed to him by Owen. He read it at first to himself with evident marks of surprise, and then aloud to his martial attendants. The illustrious signature to the document, and the splendid essay in arms it attested, excited general admiration.

“Shall not this be a noble knight, sirs, when he is of full force, and smiled on by some noble dame?” exclaimed the Provost, rejoicingly. “And, now I look on thee by this glorious light, I see well that thou shalt do the realm of France a noble service! Thou hast a face and form to win favour—and hast no cause to love the Dauphin’s besotter, La Trimouille!—Come with me to the Hostel of St. Pol—I will instantly present thee to my lord the Dauphin!—He will love thee, and he

is ever governed by those nearest to him, whether for good or ill! And thou wilt tell him that his sceptre must be a sword if ever he would inherit one!"

CHAPTER V.

THE HOSTEL OF ST. POL.

AT the period of our chronicle, the kings of France possessed three royal residences in their capital, which, as was very necessary, were also fortresses. The Palace of the City—the Louvre—and the Hostel of St. Pol—were their designations. From the time of Charles the Wise, who displayed much of his wisdom in the accommodations he provided for himself and his descendants, the last was in general the reigning sovereign's abode. Its vast extent furnished the lodgment necessary for a feudal court, which mostly included a little army; and its vicinity to the strong fortress of the Bastille gave it security. Its walls bordered the Seine on one side, and stretched to the Rue St. Antoine on the north, thus including within its royal precincts all that district that has since proved the hornet's nest of democracy.

Within this circuit, whatever was deemed necessary in that age for the maintenance of royal state and pleasure was amply provided. The numerous clusters of separate buildings gave accommodation to the various courts and royalties dependent on the main one,—those of the Dauphin and of the great officers of the crown. Chapels, gardens, orchards, mews, courts, so spacious that magnificent tournaments were held in them, a menagerie of wild beasts, places in which every species of animal could be reared and fattened—ponds, aviaries, and a park—were all included in its extensive area.

To this right royal residence, Owen Tudor accompanied the stern Provost of Paris. The distance was not great; and in a brief space, entering its fortified inclosure, the numerous towers and piles of the scattered palace were visible among the woodland and gardens that diversified its extensive park. Directing their way to the largest of these unconnected masses, which was hung all over in the most singular manner with smaller piles of masonry—round, square, and conical towers, formed like incrustations—they arrived in the court-yard of the Hôtel of St. Maur, where the

Dauphin kept his court. They found it crowded with falconers, horsemen, dogs, and other attendants on a hunting party, in various liveries, but the majority wearing the silver lilies of France on their breasts, surmounted by the Dauphin's fishy emblem.

The glance of Taneguy fell with little satisfaction on these preparations, and he inquired what was doing, with evident vexation. The master of the falconers replied with a degree of supercilious triumph, tempered by fear, that his highness the Dauphin had wagered on the flight of his favourite tercel against one recently procured from Barbary by the Lord de la Trimouille—and that they were going forth to decide the contest.

“What, abroad to measure the flight of a hawk when the council meets to debate how they may keep him standing room in France!” muttered Sir Taneguy; and as he spoke a flourish of clarions and the appearance of a troop of brilliant young courtiers, attired in all the fopperies of the time, announced the Dauphin's approach. He came on horseback amidst them—a youth about eighteen years old—handsomely shaped save that

his legs were a little too short,—of a florid fair complexion, with mild and somewhat melancholy blue eyes, and a cast of physiognomy that declared the natural indolence and voluptuous easiness of his disposition. La Trimouille rode beside him—diverting him with effusions of that licentious and malignant pleasantry in which he excelled. The misfortunes of his earliest years, and a constitutional languor of thought, made this piquant species of gaiety pleasing to the young prince.

This diversion received a sudden check when the Provost was recognized, whose sorrowful and gloomy look sufficiently announced his thoughts.

“Sir Taneguy!” exclaimed the pert favourite as the Provost alighted heavily from his charger to salute the prince, “do ye note what a hard shock this land of France gives to men who fall? But you come in good time—and perhaps on information—to aid us in deciding on the merits of my hawk, Huéline, which I am willing to wager against any bird, of whatever wing, and against which his highness ——”

“I am come on no such fool’s errand, Sire de la Trimouille!” returned Taneguy, “but to escort

his highness to the council, if he would know with any certainty in what manner this realm of France is lost!”

“What needs his highness’s presence to cry Amen as often as my lord the constable wags his white beard?” said La Trimouille. “It is enough for us we are to go where we are sent—whether to Normandy, or elsewhere!”

“What is there of new, Taneguy? We trust there are no worse tidings than yesterday brought us?” said the Dauphin, scarcely able to suppress a laugh as he gave his hand to the kneeling Provost.

“And what would your highness have worse, unless the red cross waved on the walls of Paris!” returned Sir Taneguy. “Cherbourg has fallen, and King Henry needs only Rouen to win back all that his ancestors lost to yours in Normandy!”

“The men of Rouen are of stout build, and so are their walls—and there are plenty of rats to eat when other provisions fall short!” returned La Trimouille, smilingly. “And, let come the worst, we have six months good yet ere we need wear so doomsday a look as that you come to affright us

withal, Lord Provost,—and we only need this fair morning to see my hawk, Huéline, fly!”

“Praters will lose a realm as soon as traitors!” said Taneguy. “I pray you, my Lord Sir Charles, if ever I have deserved well of your hands, go with me to the council—if it be but to tell the constable you will not have this knight—whom I humbly present to you—molested!”

“Is this the Chevalier Sauvage, Sir Taneguy?” said the Dauphin with evident interest.

“Needs your highness ask that and look at his garniture? How left you the bright brown witch of the Boucherie?” said La Trimouille, with a smiling familiarity, as if he had always been pleasantly acquainted with Owen Tudor. “You too shall see how my hawk flies!—I call her, Huéline, because she is of so high a soar—and because *I* only know the lure to which she will stoop!”

“Let her fly as she will, I could teach you to cleave air more swiftly still, Lord de la Trimouille!” returned Owen, with extreme fierceness. The courtier only laughed.

“The Chevalier Sauvage is your knight, sir,

and his safety touches your dignity!" interrupted Taneguy. "Therefore come to the council, I beseech you!—which, moreover, lacks half its weight and sway, unhonoured by your presence!"

"You can always put the crown on a cushion in my lord the dauphin's place!" said La Trimouille.

"Nevertheless, Taneguy, I will go with you to the council," said the Dauphin, somewhat offended at this jest, and pleased with the stately beauty and spirit of the Chevalier Sauvage. "I will call this knight mine before the council—that all men may know, he who harms him, harms ourself!"

La Trimouille's vexation was completed by this arrangement; but the Provost left him no time to dispute it, by instantly directing the march of the whole cavalcade towards the hotel of Sens, inhabited by the king. The jealous favourite's anger was crowned by the Dauphin commanding Owen to ride abreast with him, and amusing himself during the whole transit with his replies to questions on his adventures in France. Moreover, Taneguy produced the record of the deliverance of arms, and the prince and youthful chivalry present

could not sufficiently admire an esquire who had withstood the stroke of Talbot.

Thus discoursing, the train arrived at the Hotel of Sens, where they learned that the king was already at council, in the Hall of Theseus. The great audience-chamber of the palace was thus designated from its walls being hung with a tapestry representing the exploits of a hero of chivalrous romance who usurped the renown of the Grecian demigod.

Entering the Hall of Theseus in the train of the Dauphin, Owen perceived that the principal persons of the Armagnac council were already assembled, including the Constable d'Armagnac, the Chancellor, Henri de Marle, several ecclesiastical dignitaries, and numerous lords and knights of the party. They sat on benches of dark oak so as to form a kind of square before a table at which was a remarkable group.

The king was of course the principal personage of it, ostensibly presiding over the council, but certainly paying no great attention to the subject of the debate. He seemed plunged in some dismal meditation, taking no notice of anybody or

of anything, and yet holding in his hand the implements of an oriental game that Owen had never before seen played. Small oblong squares of parchment, beautifully emblazoned to represent kings, queens, and peers, and with black and red trefoils, spear-heads, hearts, and diamonds, were in the hands of the players. Of these there seemed to be two, beside the king. At all events they held several pieces of similar parchment, and seemed watching with silent attention until he should recover from his revery and resume it. One of them, who stood, from his rich motley garb, was apparently the royal jester. The other, who sat, was an exquisitely beautiful girl, in the earliest blossom of youth, yet whose figure already undulated into the loveliest outlines of womanhood. Fair as the lily emblem of her royal race, its light and voluptuous blood coloured her whole complexion, deepening in the cheeks and lips to the richest rose. But for something of haughtiness that pouted in her lips, the disdainful sparkle in her eyes, and her manner of severe restraint, she might have passed for the Hebe of the gods! She wore a fillet of pearls twisted amongst her long golden hair, and a close-fitting robe of sky-

faint satin that revealed her neck and bosom, if not so broadly, at least more deeply, than the generosity of modern beauty has yet conceded. Gems, hung as thickly as dew-drops on the rose, completed the garb of Madame Catherine, youngest and only unwedded daughter of France.

The constraint of the princess's demeanour seemed scarcely natural to her, and might perhaps be accounted for in the circumstance that a species of duenna stood behind her chair in the shape of a lady of honour, as stiff and starched in her robe of gold embroidery as if dressed in gilded pasteboard. The severe etiquette of the French court, and of the cramping education in which all the children of the despotic Isabeau were reared, contributed no doubt to the effect.

“Heed not this, Sir Chevalier Sauvage!—the king is subject to these reveries—or at what gaze ye?” whispered Taneguy, as the Dauphin vainly attempted to win his sire's notice by kneeling and kissing the hem of his long robe. Owen did not heed it; he was otherwise absorbed.

The madness of Charles VI. is said to have been originally caused by the united action of fear and anger on a temperament naturally gloomy

and stirred by vehement passions. Fits of the blackest melancholy, varied by eruptions of homicidal fury, were its characteristics; and every interval of sanity that restored him to the consciousness of the misfortunes of his family—his slaughtered brother, his dead children, his faithless wife, his rebellious subjects—deepened the horror of his relapses.

From one of those sombre meditations, in which madness endeavours in vain to recover clear recollections of the past, the king now suddenly started. "What is the matter?" he said, staring vacantly around him. "Do we wait for torches in the broad daylight? Constable, what wait you for? We cannot unfurl the Oriflamme against our enemies merely, unless they are also the enemies of Christ! The banner of France may suffice to scatter these Flemish knaves!"

"Remind you, my liege! Alas, I am not so good a soldier as he was to whom you speak!" replied the constable, soothingly.

"True, De Clisson is dead—I think they murdered him in Bretagne?" continued the unhappy prince.

“No, my redoubted lord ! he died in his bed,” said Taneguy Duchâtel, very eagerly.

“Wherefore were we then that hot day in Bretagne ? Was it not to pursue his murderers ? Why do we hate even the Breton twang on thy tongue, Duchâtel ?” said Charles, resting his cards on the table with puckered brows. It was on an expedition, undertaken to punish the Duke of Bretagne for an attempt to murder his favourite general, that the king was seized with his first fit of madness.

“Think not of that, sire !—it is too long ago,” said the constable.

“And so it is ! We were nobly attended that day we fought with Philip of Arteveldt, at Rosebecque ; but so shall we never be again !” said Charles, with a deep sigh. “We are sadly fallen—to be a king !—worse far than he who usurped the wreath of Flanders. They showed him to us, ’tis true, lying all mud and gore like a mangled dog, in a ditch ; but he was only a brewer’s son. We have been a king !”

“You shall be better served than ever, my liege,” said Sir Taneguy. “Look here, how fair

a knight has come from Wales to join the banner of your royal lieutenant and son, the Dauphin."

He beckoned Owen to approach, who started guiltily from the gaze of admiration he had unconsciously fixed on the fair daughter of the lilies. The princess at the same instant raised her eyes, which were cast listlessly on her cards, and encountered those of Owen. An electric shock could scarcely have produced a more visible effect! Lovely as she was, it was very possibly the first time that ever the eyes of a man had dared to express admiration of charms so illustrious. Owen was too uncivilized to be aware of the etiquette on such a point, and had but just left a glowing school where poesy and romance levelled earth and sky into one range of paradise! But although the princess lowered her eyelashes with an expression of disdain and surprise, they were not unfrequently raised again to contemplate by stealth the beautiful person of the audacious gazer.

This became almost a licensed satisfaction, when Owen, advancing with the modesty and even confusion natural to his uncourtly breeding,

presented himself full in view, and excited the general attention and wonder. The men noticed only his wild armour and singular array; the women, the symmetry of the noble person that bore its weight so unblenchingly! But the king himself stared at Owen with wild and projecting eyes, full of anxiety and alarm, as he came forward. He continued to watch him with prying attention while Taneguy introduced him with an eulogium heightened in friendly warmth by the circumstance that La Trimouille was listening with a bitter and satirical smile. This forced complacency grew almost hideous when he perceived the brilliancy with which the Chevalier Sauvage suddenly became invested in the rehearsal of his achievement against the English chivalry.

But whether even the frank and noble beauty of the young knight's countenance failed to remove his mistrust of strangers, or for some other secret reason of madness, the king continued in his moody silence. When he spoke at last, it was very slowly and gloomily. "Our memory is not so good as it was," he said; "yet we think we have seen this youth ere now? Ah, is he not the

poor scholar that pleaded for the commonalty when we held our bed of justice to punish the Parisians, forty years ago?"

"Nay, sire; it is the knight who took part with that prating madwoman in your presence, a few weeks only ago!" said La Trimouille.

"Madwoman! Do not jest with us, sir, you are not our licensed fool!" replied the king, sharply. "It was a man of a rare and winning eloquence, or an angel disguised to tell us truths, for well we know how ye maltreat our poor people! And only a few weeks ago? Why, we were then no taller than our uncle of Burgundy's sword, and we might now top his lance!"

The Constable d'Armagnac, who had hitherto looked on with evident surprise, spoke at this moment, and in a tone of great vexation. "So then, Sir Taneguy, we are to have the stinging gnats of the University again buzzing about our ears?"

"My lord, your Norman expedition is of a kind to need all the strength and valour we can muster—and peruse this parchment!" said Sir Taneguy, handing the heraldic document.

"In truth we need heavenly aid against Eng-

land!" muttered the king, gazing so fixedly at Owen that he was greatly embarrassed. "It must be so! Forty years ago, and grown no older—not a day? I pray you tell me, most learned young theologian, is it lawful to play at this game?"

The constable raised his eyes from the document he was perusing with evident interest, and made a signal to Owen, who took it with a quickness and dexterity that greatly pleased him, and replied to the king in the affirmative.

"Then sit and play with us—bring him a stool; I am glad of it, for I love the game right well!" said Charles.

This invitation greatly confused Owen Tudor. "My gracious lord," he said, with timidity, "I know not how to play: I am but lately from a far and wild land where such games are unknown."

"I wot well; they do not play at cards in heaven!" said Charles, laughing strangely. "But you are on earth now! Sit down, I tell you! Our daughter, Madame Catherine, is kind and courteous—and so should angels be—and if thou art Michael himself, thou art no higher in heaven than our daughter is on earth! She will

teach thee how to play with us, and perchance to vanquish us, for they are all against us now—all, all, all !”

“Sit, knight ! and in the presence of my lord the dauphin and regent, we will continue our debate !” said the constable, with a significant glance that seemed to say, “Keep him quiet ! we need only his outward sanction !”

Thus commanded and encouraged, Owen could not delay obedience ; but he approached with so much agitation that even Madame Catherine, who looked with an expression of disdain at the unseemly office imposed on her, relented. Something like a blush, not unmingled with a smile, lighted her fair face, as she waved her hand courteously at the velvet tabouret brought by a page, as if in assent to her unhappy sire’s caprice.

“Touch your knee to the rushes, and take it !” whispered Sir Taneguy, and Owen mechanically complied. He himself could not but remember, and contrast with some sentiment of shame, the difference of the homage he now paid, to that which he yielded to Huéline, when she disarmed him in the Boucherie. That was a natural and spontaneous tribute ; for what but inborn superiori-

ties had the minstrelless to boast? And this!—it almost seemed to Owen as if he paid it partly to the magnificent cushion of cramoisy, embroidered with a crown, on which he took his place. Yet a flush of high triumph and exultation coloured his brow, for he felt that the envious eyes of La Trimouille were upon him, and that he was almost close beside the princess. Some observers noted that Madame Catherine's colour also deepened, and her eyes certainly shone with a softer and less royal lustre, perhaps with something of the coquetry natural to a young French girl, whether royal or plebeian, or even to a girl of any country, who for the first time beholds so complete a model of manly beauty as the person of Owen Tudor presented in those blooming years of his youth.

The courtiers gathered themselves around in silent groups, while the Armagnac councillors resumed their deliberations, with all the sanction that could be given by the presence of the king and dauphin, though even the latter was a good deal more attentive to the chances of the game, than to those of his realm discussed around him.

The deliberation was concerning the fall of Cherbourg, and the formation of the siege of

Rouen by the English. Owen was at first too much absorbed in an endeavour to understand the game he was playing, to take any notice of what was passing among the graver groups; and, but that the sublimity of French royalty rendered such an idea impossible, it might have seemed to some that his exalted preceptress was herself considerably embarrassed, and even agitated, with her task. The very stiff lady of honour who stood behind her chair was dimly surprised, once or twice, by observing the rims of her small white ears tinge ruby red. Even the tips of the fine hand with which she was occasionally obliged to indicate to the stranger the proper card to play, tingled with some such colour. And once, when, in the precipitation of his anxiety, Owen put his hand so suddenly to the cards, that she had not time to withdraw her own, and they met in a little shock—the fair bosom and neck suffused also!

If Madame Catherine had paid so much attention to the subject of the debate as Owen gradually began to do, these changes of complexion might have been accounted for. The chancellor, Henri de Marle, who was strongly opposed to the Norman expedition, was urging on the council the

propriety of renewing offers of peace to Henry V. He discussed the main articles the victor of Agincourt insisted on, among which was the hand of the Princess Catherine! This matter was alluded to in as business-like a manner as the other articles of the treaty; but the princess, who perhaps had some vague idea that she was also a woman, and who had been nursed in dread of the conqueror, might be supposed to add some personal feeling in the discussion.

Owen knew but too well that there was ruin to the Armagnacs in their projected campaign against the English; or else the thoughts that wandered through his soul rendered the idea of conflict with Henry of England more than ever pleasing to him. These contending ideas so much confused him, that it was fortunate for the reputation of his quickness of comprehension, that the unsettled temper of the king did not permit him to continue long at his game. "We are satisfied—the play is lawful," he said, throwing down his cards. "And we need some livelier revelry, or ill thoughts gain on us!—We will see this youth dance."

"Dance, my great liege! and dance in armour?" exclaimed even the immoveable lady of honour.

“Why not? Were we not ourself dancing in armour, when we were nigh baked to death? Nay, ’twas in a hideous satyr’s skin, when our merry brother of Orleans must needs scatter the flames of his torch among us!” said the King, with evident wildness. “Oh, we died miserably!—most miserable deaths, in that fearful dance! What had De Jouy done that his savage skin clung to him till it consumed him to the bones, and all the waters of the Seine could not give him comfort?”

“The knight will dance, sire, if you will find him a partner,” said the Constable, whose anxious observation was rarely off the king, and who hastened to check the recollections dependent on that sorrowful revelry.

“A partner?” repeated Charles. “Why, is there not our own favourite one, the Lady of Barbasan? Give her your hand, young stranger, and foot a coranto, for she is the gayest and nimblest damsel in all our court.”

Involuntary smiles crept over every countenance at this commendation bestowed on the stately dame who kept watch and ward behind the princess’s chair. Perhaps she had merited it in those younger days to which the king’s memory

reverted; but, certes, at this period, a very considerable portion of her claims had disappeared.

“Dance, Sir Chevalier Sauvage!—’tis the wont of the French court to dance in complete steel, to show our lightness and dexterity!” said La Trimouille, laughing tartly. But there was something in the king’s glance that silenced him, and induced even the formal Dame de Barbason to extend her hand in compliance.

Owen was completely taken by surprise, but the fearful gestures of all around, and his natural courtesy, compelled him to take the offered hand. The Lady of Barbason was either not aware of anything ridiculous or unfounded in the royal eulogium, or she feared to stir the king’s excitable frenzy by disobedience to his behests. She accepted Owen as her partner with a profound and most majestic curtsy, and stepped forward amidst a mingled murmur of curiosity and mirth. The council could no longer even feign to continue its deliberations.

The towering head-dress of his partner formed an elaborate cone of gold swathings, nearly a yard high; and her long train of heavily em-

broidered velvet was likely to prove in itself sufficiently embarrassing to any one who, like Owen, was unacquainted with the courtly elaboration of the French science of dancing. The weight of his own armour, and the unanimous peal of laughter that burst from all but the king when they commenced their performance, to the music of some viols and flutes in the antichamber, almost overwhelmed him with shame. But when the young princess herself could no longer withstand her sense of the ridiculous, and joined in the laughing accompaniment with the vivacity of her age and natural lightness, he lost count and almost sense. In an instant the dance became involved—utterly confused—and, making a desperate effort to retrieve a false step, Owen's spurs became entangled in the lady's train. In the attempts which he made to free himself from this entanglement, it became more and more inextricable, while the mirth of the spectators forgot every restraint, and echoed in thickening peals around! Owen grew desperate, and made so violent an effort to free himself that he lost his balance, and was thrown forward full at the feet of Madame Catherine—and, in fact, upon her—

for it was only by clasping her in his arms, and making an almost supernatural struggle, that he prevented himself from dashing her over to the ground, and kept upright.

She who was laughing till the tears absolutely showered from her eyes, now shrieked aloud with terror and surprise. Owen instantly abandoned his hold in the utmost confusion, and the courtiers were at a stand-still, not knowing whether to show concern or mirth. Only the malicious La Trimouille uttered exclamations of horror at the sacrilege perpetrated, and at the awkwardness of the new courtier, when he was suddenly cut short by the king himself.

“Peace, La Trimouille!—let all men show reverence to this stranger!—he hath been prophesied to us!” exclaimed the royal madman. “Ye know it has been foretold that France should be saved by a maiden knight, sent by heaven to our aid! I know the Chevalier Sauvage by his beauty—and this is he!”

“No man can deny that his very falls are fortunate; and he blushes very maidenly!” said La Trimouille. “We shall have Demoiselle Huéline’s ballad come to pass, and the king’s daugh-

ter shall wed the knight who freed the land of Cornwall from a cruel giant!"

As La Trimouille uttered these words, meant for no good, the eyes of the beautiful Welsh knight were raised with so eager a brightness to those of the princess that the pardon his lips demanded seemed already certain and obtained. The glance with which Madame Catherine granted it shone upon him in so dazzling an explanation of his prophecy, that for some moments he was bewildered on the glittering summit to which destiny seemed to have cast him with a word! All that was confused and misty in his horoscope vanished as it were with a breath, and the vast scene of ambition beneath his gaze spread beyond the furthest ken of hope.

But Owen's triumphs were not yet at an end. "Let the council be resumed—this knight shall stand beside us and throw light on our resolves!" exclaimed the king. "In truth, we will not part with him again; he shall be our knight and attached only to our person. Son dauphin, we take him from you, and henceforth entertain him wholly as our own!"

If Owen felt any reluctance in this sudden

transfer of his service, it was inspired by the very visible satisfaction of La Trimouille and the gloom of Taneguy Duchâtel. But it all vanished when the princess spoke, in an eager and beseeching, though undertone to her brother. "I pray you, let it be thus, sir!—It shall much diminish the terror and gloom of our father's malady to know that he hath so noble and liked a watcher!—let it be."

"Let it be, my lord!—you need not a spy of Sir Taneguy's at your desports!" whispered La Trimouille.

"It shall be so—we make a present of you to our father, Chevalier Sauvage! but we will not cease to do you what service we can of our proper good-will!" said the dauphin.

"Speak to the king then, fair knight, if your advice is of so much weight," said the constable, sharply and incredulously. "And tell him that we should be in council on his affairs; for events stand not still, though we do!"

Owen turned eagerly to the king; but before he spoke the unhappy monarch had interpreted his look, and to the astonishment of all present walked to his proper place, indicated by the crown laid

before it—put the ensign of royal majesty on his brow—and beckoned to Owen in a singular manner to take a place beside him. Courtiers and councillors looked at one another in amazement; but the fox of Armagnac instantly saw the advantages to be reaped. At his whispered request the princess and her lady quietly glided out, with all the personages not belonging to the council; and it resumed its deliberations with such authority as the presidency of an insane sovereign could bestow!

Nevertheless, the matters debated required as much wisdom as ever fell to the share of a ruler. The formation of the siege of Rouen by the English was an event of incalculable danger, and the constable was thoroughly aware of the disgrace which the undisturbed progress of the invaders brought on his administration. He imagined that his rigour had effectually suppressed the Burgundians in Paris, and, but for the opposition of the more timid in the council, he would ere now have departed with the king in person, and the whole remaining forces of the monarchy, to combat the English under the walls of Rouen.

Owen now heard this proposal urged by the con-

stable, and with deep though silent alarm, much as he hated the English and their king. That which his patron, Taneguy Duchâtel's hatred against the Duke of Burgundy suggested, still less met his approbation. It also involved the departure of the Armagnac force from Paris, the provost proposing that, instead of marching into Normandy, they should proceed to root the traitorous ally of the invader out of his dominions.

"He has undoubtedly incurred the forfeiture of all fiefs and possessions held of the crown of France," said the Chancellor, with a profoundly legal look. "But I misdoubt, if we summon him at the Marble Table, he will come with his forty thousand cut-throats at his heels — and these villanous Parisians await him with open arms!"

"He who wins the field against Henry of England wins it against the Duke of Burgundy!" exclaimed the constable; and he proceeded to urge his opinion with a warmth and earnestness that made converts of many who were previously opposed to it. Owen learned with pain how absolute was his dependence on the terror he had infused into the Parisians. His influence with his party was great and well founded, for he had been

throughout the most successful of all their leaders; he was old, of matured and tried sagacity.

The king listened to every speaker in turn, as it seemed, with equal assent. The dauphin yawned and made no observation—and Owen had the additional pain of perceiving that, whenever the constable urged the safe condition of the capital, and the submission of the faction of Burgundy, he looked at him for support and evidence.

Finally, the flow of opinion passed over almost entirely to the constable, and Henri de Marle seemed weary of making objections. He resigned himself with a kind of melancholy but unconvinced calm to the earnestness of the aged warrior—and Owen saw that the Armagnacs were on the point of making the fatal move their enemies awaited! A dazzling mist was in his imagination in which he saw nothing distinctly save something of splendour, and glory, and vengeance, that seemed for ever about to vanish from his grasp! His natural impetuosity easily went with any current—and, at the moment when the resolution to march into Normandy was all but adopted, he raised his voice against it! The first words he pronounced attracted so general an attention—hinted

so much—that it was impossible for him to retract the impression they produced, even if he had been inclined. He informed the constable with the utmost modesty, but with great firmness, that to persevere in the plan would be ruin!—inasmuch as he himself knew that the departure of the Armagnac army would be the signal for revolt among the Burgundians of Paris!

Owen's recent abode in the Boucherie gave a marvellous weight to his information, and the timid—always a numerous body—were glad of a pretext to avoid a decisive measure.

“It is most like!” exclaimed the Archbishop of Rheims. “Christ save all sinners! But saw ye not how even the dreadful excommunication of their chief appalled them not? By my consent not a single banner shall leave the city!”

“Nor mine! nor mine! nor mine!” echoed around. It was a species of panic.

Of late the Constable d'Armagnac had become aware of a rising spirit of opposition to his measures among the younger councillors, especially those attached to the court of the dauphin. And now, although himself struck with Owen's words, he was irritated with the testiness of age at this

resistance to his will. He demanded from what source the Chevalier Sauvage had his information, threatening terrible vengeance on whoever had dared to conceive so traitorous a project! But by this time Owen remembered the danger to which he exposed Huéline and his late hosts, and he refused to give any explanation beyond the reiteration of his warning.

But La Trimouille, whose fears and malignant feelings were alike roused by the revelation, supplied the want. "Let us not stir from Paris!" he exclaimed. "In very sooth, ye may believe him, lords; for doubtless he hath wormed himself into the good graces of the wenches there—of the factious and intriguing woman whom they call the minstreless of the Boucherie, of whose frantic daring in behalf of the Burgundians—and in his—we have all heard! By my life! I would put him to the torture, which he 'scaped by her cunning, to learn!"

The burning cheek and fierce eyes of Owen, even his staggering and confused denials, seemed to bear witness to the assertion of the Lord de la Trimouille. At all events, it gave such force to the warning, that the constable gave way to an

ebullition of rage. "Then we must not leave for Normandy, until we have torn up the Boucherie to its last stone! until this minstrel-woman, that maddens men with her sorceress tongue, be silenced for ever!"

"Let us rather think of peace with Henry of England; we shall then have fair play with the murderer of Burgundy—to attack the Boucherie is, to attack Paris!" said the Chancellor de Marle. The words provoked a warm and angry discussion, almost amounting to a quarrel, which was abruptly, and, to the surprise of all, terminated by the king.

"Not a banner shall leave Paris!—whatever this knight advises shall always be, and we will sign no edict which he doth not read and certify to us!" he exclaimed. "Ye know not—but I do—under what warranty he speaks! Let no man utter more breath on the subject in our presence, for on this we are resolved!—And now come with us, beautiful knight, and help us to feed our lions, for it is nigh the hour, and we must all eat or starve!"

In this manner did Charles the Mad put an end to a council held on matters of so much

importance. No one dared openly contest his will, and all were glad perhaps of a pretext of delay, for councillors think that they delay events by delaying their own resolutions on them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WAVE OF THE CATARACT.

WE leave the court to return to the shambles—no unnatural transition in the windings of a Parisian conspiracy. It may be judged whether the circumstances under which Owen Tudor left the Boucherie diminished the Burgundian zeal of its chiefs. De Giac acquiesced in the prudence of letting the supposed tempter escape; but Huéline knew too well that he would not conceal what he imagined he had discovered, to strive to do so herself. To prevent suspicion, it was even necessary to counterfeit an anger she scarcely felt, but was yet so nearly related to the indignation and shame in her heart that its colours were easily assumed.

It was well indeed for Owen, with all his courage and strength, that he was beyond the reach of the Caboches when the revelation was

made of his alleged dishonourable projects on their betrothed. For weeks after, Simon felled his bullocks with the cruellest strokes, calling them false Armagnacs and traitorous knights! Renaud's exasperation vented itself more rationally in fits of impatience for the advent of the period that was to deliver the whole faction to vengeance,—the departure of the Armagnac expedition into Normandy. But this was unaccountably delayed; and on a sudden it became known in Paris that the Armagnacs would not stir from its walls, and had contented themselves with strengthening the frontier towns towards Normandy!

The disappointment of the Burgundians was universal; but none suffered more than Huéline de Troye. Regard for Owen's safety, pride, disdain, a thousand tumultuous feelings made her at first rejoice in his departure from the Boucherie. But the moment he was fairly gone—the moment she felt the blank his absence left—every sentiment was reversed. She listened to the eulogiums on her virtue, in which even the seldom-praising De Giac warmly joined, with unutterable anguish and an irritation she dared not vent—she

who had hazarded so much to preserve the shadow of the substance she had lost! All the dark recollections and feelings, which the brightness of noonday passion for awhile effaced, revived in their most hideous and appalling forms. In the briefest lapses of time, she passed through the most conflicting moods. Recollections of his love, of his beauty, of the delicious hours of their tenderness, lingered like sleeping fire in her reveries, and were dispelled by bitter and infuriating musings on his arrogance, his refusal to wed her, all she had lost! Sometimes she blamed only herself, upbraided herself with the use she had made of her allurements and superiority of genius and subtlety, as tyrannous advantages! Then again she would work herself into a frenzy of despair and indignation at the remembrance of all she had sacrificed, in vain. Huéline knew that she was beautiful, that she was the first love of Owen Tudor; she felt within herself the soul of an empress—a genius capable of ruling men, and extorting glory even from an unwilling fate! In what, then, was she so inferior, that the sole hope of retrieving her dishonour was for ever denied to her?

These thoughts at times roused a degree of indignation in Huéline's heart that threatened Owen's dominion in it. Often she exulted in a determination never to see him again, to rebuke his pride and insolence of victory, prove the spiritual nature of the affection she bore to him, of the tenderness she had debased, by bidding him farewell for ever, by never seeing him again. But this project was only momentary, only entertained as an impossible luxury of meditation! The love of the minstrelless increased in fervour, or rather frenzy, with every hour of her lover's absence—and the most tormenting fears assailed her almost from the first certain instant of her solitude!

She learned that Owen was gone to the palace of St. Pol, from one who went on his traces—certainly with no good intent. The brows of Renaud Caboche lost not the deadly furrow he wore on that espial, for days, and even for weeks. But his enemy was beyond his reach, as he informed Huéline, in apology for not bringing her back the heart's blood of the ungrateful guest on his knife—safe in the royal hostel, where he remained. Huéline supposed that Sir Taneguy had

introduced him, according to his promise, into the household of the dauphin. Once more she rejoiced in his safety, and hope revived in her heart. She remembered but too well the power and delirium of the love she had kindled, not to believe that its enthrallment would surround Owen wherever he went. She hoped that reflection would suggest to him all the splendid attractions of the plan she had formed for his exaltation—that he would find himself neglected and obscure in the brilliant court of the Dauphin, and be dazzled by the contrast. She would not imagine for a moment that any temptation could induce him to betray the secret she had confided to him; and she confidently expected that he would not join in an expedition so certain to be destructive to its sharers. She thought that he would soon devise some expedient to communicate with her, to obtain her forgiveness at least, and she more than suspected that he had the means in his power through Gules Caboche and his own esquire. Moreover, Huéline's fertile talent suggested a thousand expedients which she could herself have used, under his circumstances!

But when time passed, and no signs of Owen's

remembrance appeared, terrible fears began to assail the forsaken minstreless. With her fine sense, if not of morality, of shame and degradation, it is no marvel that in those moments of extreme dejection she imaged herself as a debased wretch whom it was impossible so lofty a heart as Owen's could cherish. The hapless sorceress of love had discovered that satiety is the dregs of all the poisonous nectars of sensuality—she had learned to doubt whether man's passion was like woman's, that glows into the brighter flame with the decay of its gross and material fuel! She now felt assured that Owen could not remain obscure and unnoticed in a court. His beauty and engaging qualities would be certain to attract the attention of women—especially of such women as the example of Isabeau de Bavière had rendered numerous in her court! His pride she thought would be more flattered by these conquests than by fidelity to the daughter of a poor apothecary, whom they would represent to him as the mad leader of a sanguinary mob! Her democratic enthusiasm and scorn still more embittered this idea. But, fortunately for the brief intervals of calm she was yet permitted to enjoy,

Huéline never once thought of the princess Catherine in the light of a rival. She was scarcely known among the Parisians or remembered save as a child who was some day to be cast as a make-weight in the scales against the sword of Henry of England.

Pride at first forbade it—but pride yielded—and Huéline frequented the spot where she imagined it possible her lover might seek or hope to find her. It might be permitted to a woman so beautiful and endowed with genius so mastering, to believe in the power of her charms, and she thought or felt that, if she might but once more behold him, she could cast a spell upon him from which he should not easily free himself again! With this idea she wandered in all the places they had ever frequented together—the woods of St. Germain, the sanctuary of St. Jacques, the dismal windings of the Val de Misère, the prayer-gate of Nicolas Flamel! All was in vain—she neither met nor saw him! As vainly did Huéline make her regular appearance at vespers in Nôtre Dame—a devotion which Owen knew well she rarely missed, without guessing that the tender solemnity of the evening chants and the glory of sunset

through the painted windows of the cathedral soothed reveries not inspired by her breviary—wherein he himself oft played a deified part!

By degrees the veiled form of the minstrelless was not unfrequently observed gliding round the inclosures of the Hostel of St. Pol—lingering occasionally at its gates—striving to peer over its lofty palisades and walls. Finally, she deigned even to play the espial, or, as poor Gules Caboche imagined, came by chance upon her, in converse with Rhys ap Goronwy, beneath a certain lime-tree, in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*. Gules protested, even with tears, that it was by the merest chance they met, for she imagined Huéline was really animated by the hatred and thirst of revenge she pretended to. With the keenest sense of debasement in the presence of this girl whom she had hitherto regarded with a mild affection of superiority that was not far from something of contempt, Huéline listened to the fervent apologies with which she covered so light an offence! But with all her inquiries, however adroitly urged, she could not learn that Owen Tudor had manifested any desire to see her again—and she did learn that, instead of entering the service of the dauphin, he was in that of the

king! The hope immediately struck her that Owen had contrived it in an expectation generally entertained that the king would remain in Paris—and consequently that he should not depart on the Armagnac expedition. Huéline resumed her animating offices in the great Burgundian conspiracy, with a zeal that surprised de Giac himself—when suddenly it was brought to a halt, by certain intelligence that the Armagnacs would not leave Paris, and that they were endeavouring to negotiate a peace with Henry of England!

Still Huéline would not believe that Owen had betrayed her confidence. In vain did the Caboches and the implacable de Giac declare that he must have played the espial among them, and learned their secret, and divulged it. Better than they, she knew what reason they had to think so; but she would not believe it. Yet, though Huéline had subtlety to deceive half mankind, she could not deceive herself! Her sole refuge, at last, was the hope that if Owen had said aught to deter the Armagnacs from their enterprise, it was because he could not resolve yet to embrace either alternative offered to him. The Burgundians still expected—at her inspiration—by remaining in a state of

quiescence and outward calm—and by raising a popular outcry against the delay—to prevail on the constable to march. She managed even to lull herself into a degree of tranquillity—which was suddenly and for ever broken!

The Lord de la Trimouille had the strange intrepidity to make his appearance in the Boucherie. He came, indeed, with the alleged object of negotiating some arrangement between its chiefs and the Armagnacs, by which their privileges might be restored to them, and he had a right to suppose his errand would make him welcome. He requested to speak with the Demoiselle de Troye on the subject; and although the Caboches refused all negotiation at once, Huéline had secret reasons to desire to grant the courtier the interview he solicited. She won the Caboches with the hope of discovering what resolve the Armagnacs had formed on the subject of their expedition, and received the Lord de la Trimouille alone.

It needed no great skill to discover that La Trimouille's real purpose was very different from the one he alleged. In fact he abandoned the mention of it on the first few words of rejection uttered by Huéline, or, what amounted to it, the re-

fusal of the Boucherie to accept any concession but the unconditional restoration of their privileges.

“I needed a talisman to get into your enchanted durance, beautiful jongleuresse!” he said, with an easy familiarity in his manner that roused no sympathising sentiment. “Else, I must needs confess my lords of the council think of nothing less than of proposing terms to the Boucherie, the discovery of whose treason keeps us all from our glory, in Paris!—I come with a message from your once guest, and present betrayer, Sir Owen Tudor!”

“Owen!—Sir Owen Tudor!—what message should the Chevalier Sauvage send by the Sire de la Trimouille?” exclaimed Huéline, with a blush that shone like a gleam of ruddy fire over her whole frame, and a vehemence that startled the courtier.

“Oh, he is no longer the Chevalier Sauvage—he grows the courtliest knight of us all!” replied he. “He is the king’s sole favourite—his knight of honour, forsooth—and even the dauphin, who hath corrupters enow already, greatly inclines to him! He is the ladies’ sole falcon-on-the-fist now!—sweet looks rain upon him, and everywhere they are busy spinning their networks of smiles to

catch him! Nay, he threatens to vanquish us all at our own weapons of chivalry—as soon as he has learned how to use them—which will be anon, if incessant practice can do it!”

“He will still lack opportunities, since it seems, albeit ye have the sword of France in your hands—ye dare not raise it, ye Armagnacs, against our invaders!” returned Huéline, without the slightest wavering in her tones.

“He may perchance flesh it among ye of the Boucherie, since he has stirred the constable to such wrath against ye!” returned La Trimouille; and to the silent but dreadful inquiry of Huéline’s glance he replied by a much distended account of the revelation wrung from Owen’s lips. All his own fears and suspicions were in it; but there was so much of truth, that Huéline could not doubt a discovery had been made!

By what supernatural energy did she control the emotion in her heart, as she replied apparently with perfect calmness—“And did your council listen to this raving?—the pratings of a woman’s wrath?—For tell them, if they need vengeance, that I only formed the project, I, who sported with their fears, in revealing it to an Ar-

magnac espial!—But he added, doubtless, that his informant was the daughter of Jean de Troye?”

“It was guessed as much—you may betray the deer with your finger as well as tongue!” said La Trimouille, eagerly and triumphantly. “But he *said* not so!—you are in my power only, beautiful jongleuresse!—in the power of a man who worships, loves—who greatly admires you, fair Huéline!”

“They who dare die are in the power of no man, Lord de la Trimouille!—and *I dare die!*” said Huéline, with startling emphasis. “But how gained the espial the ear of your council, to divulge the wild talk of an angry woman—who never wronged him—perchance?”

La Trimouille was too glad to relate a story to Owen’s disadvantage, and which he imagined would cover him with ridicule, to slight the opportunity of relating the circumstances of his presentation at court. Yet, though he gave the account with the most sarcastic humour and railery, it did not seem to excite the mirth of the minstreless until he described Owen’s fall into the lap of the Princess Catherine, and his own diverting comment on the accident. And yet the single

fierce abrupt laugh with which she learned the catastrophe rather startled than encouraged him. La Trimouille was amazed at her manner. "It is well—it is strange—it is as it should be!" she exclaimed breathlessly, and at intervals, seeming almost to forget his presence. "Let him follow the splendour of his star to the heavens—while I track the darkness of my fate into the abyss!—What matters?—The jest is excellent!—a jest with existence!—We should sport with destiny, since she makes us her fools and playthings!—And is she fair—lovely—so dazlingly beautiful?—I know that she is young—very young!"

"Of whom speak you, damosel?" said La Trimouille, who had no otherwise alluded to the Princess Catherine than to describe the violation of her royal dignity and state.

"Of Madame Catherine!—we have been thinking—speaking of her incessantly this hour!" said Huéline, with the utmost impatience.

"I did not know it—I have been thinking only of her in whose presence I sit!" replied the gallant courtier; but he satisfied Huéline's desire for information on the point with the utmost liberality. One of the objects of his malignant curio-

sity and hopes was to discover under what terms Owen had left the Boucherie, which the youth's replies to his sarcastic or licentious insinuations only irritated. He, therefore, exaggerated the loveliness of the princess, remarkable though it was, and strove, by relating some particulars of Owen's court life, to discover whether any sentiment but political animosity mingled in Huéline's opinion of her late guest.

But Huéline baffled him; the very excess of her agony gave her a strange power of concentrated endurance, and of repressing all outward sign of the tumult within! It may well be thought she needed some, when the circumstances detailed by the Lord de la Trimouille are considered. There was indeed something of the sway of a planetary combination in Owen's position.

When not dominated by some paroxysm of his dreadful malady, Charles VI. was by nature even weakly affectionate—and he had taken Owen into the warmest favour, under the strange hallucination that he was an angel in disguise sent to watch over his safety. Owen's beauty and strange garb infused the idea—but a singular dream first prompted it. The unhappy prince

dreamed, on the night before Owen's presentation, that his patroness, St. Catherine, dropped a golden ball into his young daughter's lap, with which he pelted a leopard into flight that was advancing to rend them. Owen's bright hair, and the remarkable accident that befell him, suggested a marvellous interpretation of this allegory, and the happy audacity with which the Welsh exile entered into the fancy confirmed it.

The terrors that haunted the ghastly madness of Charles VI. were assuaged by his confidence in this celestial emissary. He scarcely suffered him a moment out of his sight; and, consequently, Owen was present not only at the court festivities, but in most ceremonials of state and government in which the king's assistance was advisable or necessary. It was a great object with the Armagnacs to persuade the people that the king himself governed, and especially of the constable, who dreaded the rising power of the dauphin and his favourites. While the supposed warlike angel, sheathed in the magnificent armour the king himself devised for him, stood at his side, his frenzy wore an appearance of deliberation and calm that pleased his councillors. According to La Tri-

mouille, even the wild project Owen had formed and dared to urge on the Armagnacs—of a Welsh revolt—met with their favour and encouragement, and was in serious deliberation! His enthusiasm and daring, and the singular influence he had gained, the desperation of affairs, disposed even the stern and dubious constable to attend to his project.

But, not satisfied with this means of acquiring ascendancy, Owen displayed accomplishments that riveted his hold. The young damsels of the court were fond of comparing him to Sir Tristrem, and his skill on the harp fascinated their attention while it completed his likeness to that illustrious prototype. Huéline heard, with an inward bleeding of the heart no language can describe, that he sung her lays of love, the laughing legends she had taught him, to divert the youthful princess of France and her fair retinue! And with such success, that the filial duty of attendance on the king—once a period of dread and gloom—had become the favourite recreation, not only of Madame Catherine, but of the dauphin and his court!

It needed no more to convince Huéline of her

danger; yet she managed to conceal the surging emotions of her heart from the observation of La Trimouille. So completely did her smiling carelessness deceive him at last, that he ventured to reveal the real purpose of his visit. He was brought back to it by a sudden recollection carried away in the tide of narrative—when Huéline demanded what message he pretended to bring to her from the treacherous guest.

“I would not inform you, damsel, until I had thus put you on your guard against him—lest you should cut my tale short,” said La Trimouille, with hesitation. “You must know, first, that we have oft sharp bickerings together, before the court, for we love each other little . . . And you may remember we have but little cause. I do at times, to vex him in our proud dames’ hearing, tax him—I ask him in what manner he spent his time in the Boucherie—how he learned its secrets? I vaunt your charms . . . your fascinations . . . he blushes and grows angry, and vows he noted none in the butcher’s betrothed—protests he betrayed no trust of yours—and finally told me that, little as he loved me, and besotted as he saw I was with your beauty, he would be well pleased if

I enjoyed all the favour he had ever shared in the Boucherie! I took him on the word instantly—and if he hath any right of transfer, divine Huéline!—love La Trimouille instead of an ungrateful beggar!—He is at your feet.”

And the Lord of La Trimouille knelt at the feet of the minstreless of the Boucherie!—There was a short but mighty pause, so thronged was it with thought and emotion.

“He hath none!—But I have a full right of gift!—What do you demand of me?” she replied.

“Only your love!—Only your consent, charming jongleuresse, to leave this foul and loathsome precinct where your beauty, your talents, cannot be appreciated!—to become the queen of La Trimouille’s lance—the mistress of all he hath, or is,—of himself and his all!”

“A fair offer!—Only my love!—that is so mere a trifle—he has told you—what has he *not* told you?” said Huéline, brokenly. “But he has made you a gift of little value—which belonged not to him to give, I would say! Yet since he hath been so good, so condescending—taken so great an interest in me—tell him this proposal of

yours, and if he advises me to accept it—say to him—that, that,—I will! Meanwhile, depart!—Armagnacs stay not long with safety in the Boucherie.”

This hint was of a kind that always produced a strong effect on La Trimouille. He had learned enough to irritate and annoy his opponent—but yet he ventured to request some mark of pardon—of favour—before he retired. He seconded this modest request by producing a magnificent carcanet of gems, which he had hitherto kept concealed. It is true that Huéline dashed them from his hand with impatience; but, when he raised them, her manner was changed, and she presented her cheek to his pressure. “Ask him if I did ever the like by him—unasked—thus, thus!” she said, wildly. “But do not believe, do not believe, noble La Trimouille, if he says —— Oh, he will tell you he believes in all his prophecies!—Leave me awhile, to calm.—Ah, if it were to death!”

“Ay, to death!” she echoed her own utterance nearly an hour after La Trimouille’s departure, on tiptoe with hope and triumph. “I must forget or madden!—but is death forgetfulness? Why, so, there are poisons enow around . . . O my sire!

thou didst not distil these deadly essences for this! But, didst thou know all, thou wouldst not grudge me this serenity,—and thou hast a right to this vengeance! Rid the earth of thy shame—the sun of thy miserable presence—thine own heart of its insupportable weight, Huéline!

“Forgetfulness!—of what?—Of thine only instants of unpainful existence! Unhappy one, why dost thou grudge thyself that little brief pause in misery, take part with thy tyrannous destiny, league thyself with the falsehood and oppression of mankind, against thyself? Thou didst love—and Heaven made love! Man only made shame, regret, remorse!—And, if we live for nothing else, still there is vengeance!—vengeance on him, on fate, on myself!”

And as she uttered the words, or rather formed them in thought, a suggestion crossed her mind like the shadow of a fiend. It thickened—darkened—matured into form!—and she was traversing her chamber in the height of the political Eureka, her eyes flashing like those of a lioness, her black hair tossed and streaming in disorder round her glowing visage, when de Giac suddenly made his appearance. His attendance and vigilance on

Huéline had greatly increased of late, but his anxiety to learn what news there might be of the Norman expedition was his present apology.

“It is abandoned—the Armagnacs remain in Paris!” replied Huéline.

“Then our game is lost—and I depart,” returned the envoy, in a tone of bitter disappointment. “And I, too, am lost—Heaven knows I have enemies enow with the duke—and this ill success will ruin me too! He cannot see France all lost—he must perforce unite with the Armagnacs—and leave them the sway!”

“Nothing is lost while men’s hearts remain true to them!” replied Huéline. “We outnumber the Armagnacs in Paris already—as the sands the anchors on a beach! We need but arms—the violent fling of a wave—to rise and overwhelm them! Could we but introduce as many armed of our friends without as should suffice to get us our old pikes and mallets again from the Châtelet, and the Hôtel de Ville—Paris should again be ours with as much certainty as that all men shall be—death’s!”

“’Tis true, mayhap; but what of that? Our knights’ steeds are trained to vault, but not over

walls so lofty as those of Paris!" replied de Giac, morosely, and yet inquiringly.

"What doth Perrinet le Clerc? Did you not tell me you would seek him, to learn if he is still angry?" said Huéline, abruptly.

"I have begged of him thrice as he went to the classes, and a dozen times as he entered a wine-shop, and he passes me muttering, as if he heard me not! I'll warrant me, he is as angry as a woman that has lost her lover, or her favourite popinjay!" replied the emissary.

"And that were oft the greater loss of the two," said Huéline, with a smile full of melancholy and bitterness. "But why should he be angry to no purpose? Is not his father quartenier of St. Germain? and do not quarteniers go to bed every night with the keys of their wardgates in their houses? Did not Perrinet once honour me with what he called his love? Did I not most ignorantly reject a pearl of priceless worth when I was not skilled in such jewellery? But hath not all Paris now informed me that he is the prodigy of eloquence of our time—the Abelard of the fifteenth century! Have I not been called the Héloïse of mine, at least when Jean de Troye's fortunes were

worth flattering! It was in those days that Perrinet swore he loved me! and, if my disdain wounded his pride, he sufficiently avenged it by being among the first of Jean's followers to desert him! We are even there; and what hinders but that I too should desire to be the disciple of so famous a doctor, like the poor abbess of the Paraclete?"

"Our Lady forbid thou shouldst be such a disciple to such a master!" said de Giac, with a vehemence of disapproval that rather irritated than surprised Huéline.

"Do not believe—do not dream it, Lord de Giac!" she said, with an expression of disgust which scarcely did justice to the feeling that dived like a deadly sickness to her heart. "Perrinet will never be to me aught but the betrayer—one of the betrayers, alas! of Jean de Troye—father I dare not call him now! Treacherous and malignant wretch! he cannot complain if his own arms are used against himself; if, with feigned shows of admiration, by stirring his bad heart from its murky depths of hatred and vengeance, I win him to do one redeeming deed in all his time!—to procure the keys of the Gate of St. Germain

and admit our friends to the rescue, some of these gentle May moonlights!"

"Huéline!—Demoiselle! though he might forgive the maiden who despised his youthful love, can he pardon the poor scholar that overwhelmed him with refutation—the minstreless who rescued his enemy?" returned de Giac.

"He loved me once—the memory of love is not so short as some men deem!" said Huéline, a little wildly. "You know not what the vanity of a pedant can believe! Does not Huéline repair the wrong inflicted by the poor scholar, imploring *his* antagonist to become *her* master? And the minstreless who rescued his enemy knew not then how little worthy he was of the attempt—thirsts now for vengeance on him and all his tribe!"

"But is this possible?" said de Giac. "Know you not, Huéline, on what evil terms the father and son have parted?—that Perrinet's shadow never darkens the threshold of the quarternier of St. Germain?"

"What matters that? There are kinships which, stretch the heartstrings as you will, never entirely sunder!" replied Huéline. "Or if the father has

worked so long in his trade that he is of iron too, the mother, I promise you, messire, is made of softer stuff!—and doth she not still live?”

“She seemed to me of flesh, and had plenty of it,” said de Giac; and, forgetting for a moment his habitual dissimulation and self-command, he gazed with a look of the utmost tenderness at Huéline, and muttered, “A mother! it is a gentle word! How sweet a mother wert thou, Huéline, if gentle blood rushed to thy cheeks as richly tinted as that of Jean de Troye in thy veins doth now!”

“A mother!—in my turn, I echo you, messire! Our Lady forbid!” said Huéline, with a quivering spasm and a glance at the phials of death around.

“Wherefore say you these words so earnestly? Is there a sweeter and more honoured title for woman to covet?” said de Giac, with an emotion that made even his adust and crafty visage amiable.

“What, here, in the Grande Boucherie, with the bleatings of the lambs for ever in our ears!—or there, in the great shambles of the world!” said Huéline, wildly. “No, sire de Giac! no son of misery and death shall ever call me mother!”

Huéline de Troye at least will not give to slaves the thankless boon of life!"

"Slaves, indeed! — slaves of shadows — of sounds! Else wherefore—but no matter—your betrothed is a good Burgundian!" said de Giac, interrupting himself; and, taking a few steps up and down the room, the politician succeeded in silencing the man.

"It is well, it is a most excellent suggestion," he said, returning. "Perrinet le Clerc has a mother! and one that wept when I told her how her son was maltreated on the parvis of Nôtre Dame! But Perrinet is proud as the first rebel—and his father has vowed that until he returns of his own accord, and craves pardon and readmittance, his doors shall never again be opened to him."

"This shall he do, were it ten times a greater degradation to kneel to a father one has wronged!" said Huéline. "You have oft said I have magic in me—let me essay its spells! Our prodigal shall return to his home, and if he chances to stumble on the keys of St. Germain, is it impossible that the garrison of Pontoise should despatch what chivalry might be collected with secrecy and

speed, to lie in wait, at midnight, till its hinges turn?"

"Marvellous subtlety! Hadst thou been Eve in Paradise, the serpent would have been the deceived one!" exclaimed the statesman, in the utmost admiration. "But will Caboche and his jealous boy permit us to angle with so precious a bait, for—what if it should slip the hook?"

"They must not suspect—they shall not suspect!" replied Huéline. "They know nothing of Perrinet's ancient love; but they know his present injuries, and are mad with their own! Mes-sire, I have only to jingle the keys of St. Germain in Caboche's ears, to make him deaf to any other sound! But Perrinet will need a pretext to come, nor must we trust him too soon—I will write an epistle to him—such as forced the icy heart of Abelard to relent over the ruin he had made! De Giac, you shall be the bearer."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PERRINET LE CLERC.

OWEN TUDOR seemed certainly to be born under a fortunate star—he needed but one circumstance to make him happy—triumphant—all blest—and it happened!

The grandest projects his ambition or patriotism could form, which his hatred of Henry of England and the extreme loveliness of Catherine of France could inspire, seemed approaching gratification. The Constable d'Armagnac consented to his plans of a Welsh insurrection—he was smiled on by the youthful princess in a manner that, but for the barriers of etiquette between them, seemed to assure him of a most splendid fulfilment of his prophecy!—He had satisfied his remorse—yielded to the flow of his great destinies—soothed the indignation of his proud soul at his disgraceful expulsion from the Boucherie—by so long making no

effort to renew the links that bound him to Huéline de Troye.

The unremitted attendance which the king exacted might have pleaded his excuse, if he had been inclined to make one. But the Welsh prince was exasperated, and full of regret and superstitious fear. The singular circumstance of his reception at court inspired him with no ill-founded idea that he had escaped in Huéline from the fatal mermaid that was to mislead all his glorious career. The splendid enigma of his horoscope seemed to be interpreted by the first smile of the daughter of France, and her subsequent conduct confirmed the brilliant hope.

Severely as Catherine of France had been educated by a mother who approved of no licence but her own, Catherine had not failed to discover that she was beautiful. But the audacious eyes of Owen gave an electric impulse to the womanly feelings in her heart: never until then had she read so pleasing a commentary on the text of her charms. She imagined herself placed on too lofty an elevation to have any reason to dread the consequences. She was coquettish and light-hearted by nature, and Owen Tudor was the handsomest,

bravest, and most accomplished chevalier in her father's court. She knew herself to be the destined peace-offering to the formidable enemy of her country and family. A little enjoyment on the way to this hard destiny might be pardoned! Owen received such encouragement in secret smiles and glances as it was possible for the severe and watchful etiquette of the French court to allow. He seemed to lack only opportunity to obtain much more!—perhaps assurances which should add the plight of a royal bride to the daring visions that pictured to him his land redeemed and its diadem circling his own brow!

Owen was not insensible to the harshness and infidelity of his conduct; but his magnificent hallucination blinded him for awhile to every other consideration. The strongest influences of ambition and youthful vanity were upon him—even the fiery emotions the unhappy minstrelless had taught to glow in his heart worked against her. She was absent, and her youthful rival was almost continually present, in all the majesty and awe of her lofty rank. With Owen to love was a species of imaginative worship, from which the enchantress of the Boucherie's too human frailty had for ever

degraded her. The royal splendour that guarded the budding loveliness of Madame Catherine, surrounded her with a magic illusion that allowed full scope to his romantic fancies. Moreover, he persuaded himself that Huéline's honour, which the constant insinuations of La Trimouille assailed, required him to manifest a total indifference to her. And yet it was with difficulty that he concealed his bitter feelings, when La Trimouille returned with a vaunting, and yet sneering, account of his reception in the Boucherie. But he delivered it in the presence of the court, and of the Princess Catherine; and Owen seemed to enter heartily into the jest that was made of the ready jongleuresse, and gave La Trimouille permission to pursue his good fortune, with a smile that was his first great success in the arts of civilization. His only refuge was to strive to believe that Huéline was indeed one of those terrible women of France against whom the monk of Llanvaes had warned him—without faith, without constancy—almost without discrimination! Yet he remembered too well the past to believe in himself. The maxims that resounded in that corrupt court persuaded him that it would not be impossible to unite the

enjoyments of love and ambition. And now, in his turn, he sought the places where he imagined it was possible to meet with Huéline. But it was too late; and the disappointment embittered the taste of all his successes, when he received an epistle couched much in the following terms, which Rhys took from a person who wore the habit of a mendicant scholar, so far as he remembered it.

“You triumph, knight!—nay, dearest Owen, your destiny triumphs! Some irresistible magic of fate must indeed master the proud heart which now truly woos, unwooed! Huéline de Troye (hast thou forgotten the name?) is at thy feet—suing for pardon, mercy, love!

“Dear knight! in vain I have counterfeited coldness with thee, coquetry with La Trimouille! I have sought thee everywhere, but thou wert not willing to meet with me, or else—ah, thou canst not have forgotten how once I loved and frequented the woods of St. Germain! Sweetest woods! where, methinks, the poets first learned that the nightingale’s song is only of love!—But it was not pleasure kept *me* from *thee*! Out of thy presence, there were none for me in heaven—

how, then, in the dismal Boucherie, which thou wert wont to hate, to despise? But thou art happy, my soul's idol!—and 'tis enough. The magnificence of a court is around thee now! Never could I have been aught to thee but a honeysuckle that sweetens the air, as the wayfarer passes—a fountain by a weary roadside, that refreshes the pilgrim, as he hastens on to quaff the wine of his rest!—but wilt not even let me be as these to thee?

“Thou seest—I struggle no longer with destiny—and wherefore should I? Sometimes, from the bosom of darkness, an irresistible hand beckons us—and we follow. Yawning precipices and ghastly depths avail not to warn us back! Why, therefore, when from rosy clouds, to an undreamed paradise—for I have by no means, my Owen, exhausted all the delights, all the allurements that love can offer—but thou canst not have forgotten all the past!—I did not woo, alas! once in vain!—Shall I now, when I implore thee to return, for a few brief moments, to those arms which once thou didst swear encircled for thee the universe?

“Yes, my Owen! my beautiful!—young god of

my idolatry!—I must see thee again, or die! I talk no longer of scruples of pride, of honour, of redemption, of marriage! . . . I am thine. I absolve thee of all oaths, of all promises! Thou hast sworn none, we will agree to say it, and thou needst observe none, save—that thou wouldst love me! I ask nothing more—nothing but love!—nothing but leave to love thee! I am wise in the stars—I know that thy destinies must needs soar sightlessly above mine! But still, while some vestige of thy steps is on the earth—I know not what I say—yet if ever thou didst love me, if ever Huéline was in aught dear to thee, let me behold thee again—gaze in those dear eyes once more! Let us part for ever, if it must be—but with some taste of sweetness in the parting draught.

“Come to me, then, here—here in the Grande Boucherie!—I can only see thee again in safety in the most insecure place of all—there only will thy presence not be suspected. I have a farther reason! My faith in thy noblest qualities, in the qualities which dazzled me into ruin, was shaken by thy abrupt departure from the Boucherie! To restore my confidence in thy courage, thou must brave all the dangers from which then thou didst flee

—and return! Yet it may be without any danger, or deemst thou thy Huéline would invite? I did instruct thee once, my Owen, how to quit the Boucherie unnoticed—to re-enter it is but to reverse the process! Seek the ruins of the house of Jean de Troye—mount his deserted half-crumbling staircases, guided by the little lamps of asbestos that shall flame like Love's own breath, to guide thee—emerge on his roof—smell the sweetness of my May roses, and follow their fragrant wooing—ah! too well, too well, thou knowest whither!

“*To-morrow at midnight!*—I demand but this one, this last satisfaction—this eternal farewell! Else, will I come and take it in the presence of all your royal dames—the noble courtesans of Isabeau—among whom, I doubt not, there are already some in whose presence you would shame to be recognized by the minstreless of the Boucherie! Come!—or either, in my despair, I must surrender myself to the splendid ignominy offered by La Trimouille, or to the knives of the Caboches! This I swear by all that is sacred!—by all that is unhallowed, above earth, or below it! Come! if thou wouldst not have me deem thee recreant, not

to love only, but to that manhood and knighthood which are nobler in thy sight! And yet love indeed shall await at that lattice whence we have so often watched the rising of the star thou followest—that star Glendower prophesied on—to which such golden imaginings cling!—I would I could say beauty, too; but thou hast seen courtly charms! The remembrance of Huéline is no longer fair, even in the memory of first passion, that deifies!

“Plead no excuse—I will take none! None whatever! There is ruin, there is death in thy refusal! In thy acceptance there is—yes, I think I have yet charms, yet passion, yet spells, not exhausted! To-morrow, if thou wouldst not give up me—thyself—to destruction, as soon as darkness veils the earth, as softly and as secretly as it glides into the arms of ocean, come thou, my lover, my beloved, to these that wait for thee so longingly that all their fibres ache even now to grasp but air instead!—Come! it is but necessary to make Huéline happy, in the hope, that thou shouldst take the wreath of roses thou wilt find hung on the door of the sanctuary of St. Jacques to-morrow at dawn. But not by me! I am

watched, suspected! I can but see thee safely in the bosom of danger—and there I await thee or destruction!”

It needed not all this eloquence of despair to win Owen Tudor. The embers of his early love glowed still amidst all the gleams and rising shoots of his new and ambitious hopes. He burned with jealousy and wrath against La Trimouille; he was piqued on his courage—the corrupt miasma of a court had tainted even his generous nature. He persuaded himself that compassion, that mere humanity, required him to grant this slight satisfaction of an eternal farewell to one who had sacrificed so much for him. He thought he could convince Huéline of the expediency, of the necessity, of such a parting—certainly without making any allusion to the Princess Catherine. We cannot elucidate all his reasons; but the wreath of roses disappeared from the church of St. Jacques, to the great scandal of certain pious persons who observed it, and imagined it was a votive offering to some saint.

Little dreamed Owen Tudor of the circumstances under which Huéline’s letter was written,

or he might have discovered reasons to balance all those fine ones above-stated. Her precipitous destiny could not pause, mighty and many as were the obstacles it encountered!

Huéline had perceived, with a ravening jealousy which henceforth preyed incessantly on her heart, that Owen would look for the accomplishment of his magnificent hopes and prophecies, in wooing the daughter of the King of France! Elevated as might be the position of the princess, it was not above the splendour of his star. Huéline did not and would not believe there was a talisman in royalty to protect any woman against the sentiments naturally inspired by so noble an impersonation of manly beauty. The youth of the princess, the pride of her august blood—not even the strict etiquette of the French court that guarded her—nothing gave Huéline comfort or confidence. To separate her lover by some impassable barrier, prove to him the impossibility of his hopes, were her only chances of retrieval! This conviction gathered into one dread shock all the points of concussion that Huéline's soul had found in the injustice and prejudices of mankind! The struggle seemed to her, at times, to

be with Fate itself!—yet she was only urging it on. Every hour and every event heightened her jealousy, her fears, her despair, and frantic resolves; or she must needs have paused on the wild and tangled path she had entered.

The mendicant of the Parvis executed his task with the dexterity to be expected from one so skilled in human nature and in dissimulation. But Perrinet le Clerc's heart was a well-prepared soil for hemlock seed! He found himself deserted by his own party, an object of contempt to the Burgundians, his injuries unavenged, his vanity wounded in its tenderest points, his prospects of ambition all closed! Huéline's letter was the first balm to these wounds. It was conceived in the most flattering terms of cajolery, acknowledging the superiority of the dialectics and eloquence she had vanquished, requesting pardon for her former presumption, and entreating the scholar to honour her with some lessons in the philosophy of Aristotle, which he seemed to have fathomed. With all his vanity—and Perrinet possessed a liberal share—he could not but suspect some drift in this request, veiled by the apparent one, especially considering that it came from the head-quarters of

the Burgundians. But he imagined himself as cunning as any inhabitant of the Boucherie; the recollections of his early passion had still some power over him; his maltreatment by Owen Tudor, and desertion by his own faction, rendered his devotion to the Armagnacs somewhat precarious; and, though he deliberated so long as to excite fears in the mendicant, Perrinet agreed at last to put the learned daughter of Jean de Troye through a course of moral philosophy, at the handsome rate of three sols parisis a lesson. He was poor, and the Boucherie was rich.

Perrinet's reception among the Burgundians, like that of his strangely reversed antagonist among the Armagnacs, was flattering in the highest degree. He was received as a man whose wrongs from one faction gave him the dignity of a martyr to the other. Simon Caboche welcomed him warmly, protesting that, if he had not thought Owen Tudor a knight of the Duke of Burgundy, he would not have lifted a finger in his behalf. He added to the rancorous animosity of Perrinet as well as stirred up his own, by a full recital of Owen's supposed treason against the laws of hospitality. And the scholar of the Sorbonne

was at once gratified and alarmed to the highest with this proof of the haughty virtue of his destined pupil.

Huéline had anticipated rather disgust than difficulty in her task; but she too was surprised and even slightly alarmed at the dignified coldness and majesty of the manner in which her new preceptor presented himself in the house of the Caboches, and to her notice. No gleam in his magisterial eyes betrayed his secret thoughts as he scanned the ripened beauty of his early love, and exulted in the vengeful projects which recollections of his former failure mingled largely with his reviving hopes.

Time had modified the character of Perrinet le Clerc, or the necessities of his position suppressed some of its salient points, since the time when Huéline first despised him. Profligate he still was, strongly attached to sensual pleasures; but he had studied hypocrisy as essential to his project of raising himself to the level of the great oppressions of the age in the only way feasible to a man of plebeian birth—by the church. It was no slight satisfaction to the bitter temperament of Perrinet to rebuke with his cold exterior the

expectations he secretly believed Huéline cherished of the unbroken influence of her charms. Huéline was indeed at first a little dismayed, but she noted the excessive neatness of his clerical garb and the profusion of scented oil that bathed his hair, and took courage.

Luckily Perrinet had a great contempt for women, though most part of his time had been spent in subjection to their fantasies. He could not but place some trust in the assurances of that charmed tongue, and in the flattering compliments that flowed on its silvery melodies. Vague suspicions, indeed, entered his ungenerous soul when he noted the deep blushes, the biting lip, the quivering eyelids with which Huéline listened to the legend of her rejection of Owen Tudor. The worst he imagined was, however, only that she repented of her virtue, and would probably be less scrupulous if any other opportunity for its exercise should happen. Yet both players felt an embarrassment they had not expected when fairly set down to their cards; that is, when Perrinet commenced his instructions with all the pomp of the lecture-room, and found himself in a short time left alone with his beautiful pupil.

Perrinet was in reality learned in the pedantic science of the age. He knew that learning, or the reputation of it, was essential to his projects. It was only by skill in the wordy science then held in so much estimation that he could hope to attain the great objects of his aspiration. Of latter years he had applied himself to his studies with as much perseverance as was consistent with his naturally restless and boisterous disposition. He desired to make a display of his learning, to humble the pride of Huéline, as a preparation to his farther aims. And thus did Huéline find herself baffled in a manner she had least expected. In spite of all her overtures and insinuating smiles, Perrinet obstinately adhered to his rôle of pedant and philosopher.

And thus was the minstreless, with a heart long wearied in the pursuit of those vain sciences, and panting with far other thoughts and memories, compelled once more to listen to the tedious exposition of their rudiments! The categories of Aristotle once more vexed her very sense of hearing! With an imagination that lightened at a glance infinitely beyond the slow illumination of Perrinet's intellectual torch, she was compelled to

follow its languid radiance with apparently riveted attention and admiration. But she succeeded at length, largely aided by her tutor's own vanity, in making him believe that she in reality entertained a respect for his learning and talents that would facilitate the farther progress he desired to make.

This continued for a time—the impatient Caboches themselves were compelled to admit the danger of any premature revelations with the Armagnac scholar, and the trust of all the conspirators in Huéline was now absolute.

Perrinet began gradually to work on his own secret plans. It seemed as if his object was rather to instruct his fair pupil in the philosophy of Epicurus than in that of his great predecessor—if it be the philosophy of atheism and pleasure that some such scholiasts have pretended. Huéline fell so readily into this course of study that Perrinet himself was surprised at his own progress, and could not but cherish the flattering idea that she had certainly conceived a deep passion for him, founded on admiration of his genius! He might well be credulous, considering all that he knew—and all that he did not know. Huéline's very summons amounted almost to an

invitation to renew his former sentiments, which he had not concealed from her. His demoniac hatred against Owen Tudor made the prospect of a triumph where he had so signally failed irresistibly delicious to the scholar of the Sorbonne. That could not be if his intentions had been honourable to Huéline! And the times were changed since she was the daughter of the powerful demagogue of Paris! She was now a beggared orphan, and marriage would for ever have barred the towering ecclesiastical ambition of Perrinet le Clerc.

This distant skirmishing was protracted by both parties for a time with the dread and yet impatience of generals about to plunge their armies into irretrievable and decisive conflict. Huéline feared the very success of her own projects. She perceived too well that the allurements of sensual passion must be added even to the revengeful sentiments in Perrinet's heart to overcome his pride and fears sufficiently to enter the path she had chalked out for him. She did not, indeed, suspect the full baseness of his purposes; and it was almost a matter of indifference to her what they might be, resolved that they should only serve her

own. She returned his dark seeds of immorality in blossoming roses; but with a heart so fraught with love for another, to endure, and even affect to return the indications of a passion that would at any time have been disagreeable to her, was almost an insupportable suffering. Some cruel magic of association perpetually recalled Owen Tudor to her memory, chilled her coquetry, broke the meaning of her glance! The evil glow in the eyes of the profligate scholar was very different, it is true, to the fire of love in those of her youthful mountaineer; but it recalled the recollection painfully. His words of admiration brought the blood to her cheeks, with the related and yet contrasted sounds that lingered in her heart! His gradual and insidious approaches bitterly recalled the chivalrous struggle in the heart of Owen Tudor which so long protracted his fatal avowal! But Perrinet le Clerc interpreted all he saw through a haze of vanity that changed the hues of everything entering it. How often did he congratulate himself on his progress when Huéline's gaze seemed fixed upon him in the absorption of admiration—and yet he had vanished wholly from its perception, and the beautiful and warlike form

of the Chevalier Sauvage filled all the vision of her soul! How often did the start, the blush, the tears that rushed to her eyes when he gradually ventured to drop words of confession and passion—the blood that tingled to the touch which, in the impressiveness of eloquence he occasionally forgot, he had laid on her hand—how often did the sudden flush or languid glow in her eyes—deceive the subtle scholar of the Sorbonne! If at times there was a vagueness of meaning in the smile that flitted on her lips, a melancholy in the gaiety with which she encouraged his playful advances, Perrinet le Clerc's psychology suggested that love in the capricious sex of the minstrelless often took the most variable and opposite forms.

But the impatience of her devouring fears would not suffer Huéline long to endure this pause in events. She was astonished at the guarded manner in which her preceptor avoided all allusion to former times—all open revelation of the feelings her penetration discovered to be hourly regaining strength in his soul. Her subtle glide seemed met by so cold and edgeless a surface that it could not form a coil. Perhaps—for Huéline was a very woman after all—the circumstance piqued both

her curiosity and pride. Her subtlety could not long be deceived; and she found a depth and machination in Perrinet's designs that kindled her interest, as it does that of a skilful chess-player when he meets with an antagonist of equal ability. But the scholar of the Sorbonne was not fashioned long to resist the mastery of such a mind, so seconded by the strongest passions of his depraved nature. Huéline drew him from his strength with irresistible displays of tenderness and yielding! She excited his ambition by vague but splendid insinuations of the vast rewards he might deserve and obtain from the Burgundians, while she stirred the vengeance of his rancorous spirit by renewing the memory of the wrongs he had sustained from the whole Armagnac faction and their now favourite knight. She even took a bitter pleasure in exaggerating those circumstances to Perrinet. She had acquired the art of pronouncing Owen's name without colouring, without a tremble in her tones, but that might be accounted for in the nature of the injury she was herself supposed to have suffered. And there were times when frenzied love and jealousy gave her words the true impress of the feelings she counterfeited.

But Perrinet's effusions of black malignity, and thirst for revenge on the young Welsh knight, were not so pleasing to Huéline as he imagined, save that it gave her an opportunity to wonder at the patience with which he endured wrongs so intolerable!

This introduced the great topic; for Perrinet felt that the compliment was a veiled but galling reproach; and he apologised for his seeming tameness by alleging the impossibility of obtaining vengeance. He was answered with vague hints, with broader intimations, with glimpses into the interior of the great conspiracy at work! Perrinet listened with increasing interest—and suspicion. He took courage in the confidence placed in him—the first faint sketch of the part he might play in a vast movement which should overwhelm his enemies with ruin, did not startle him! Perrinet remembered too bitterly his father's just harshness to him to be much disturbed at the idea of betraying him to serve any purpose of his own! The moral guilt involved in Huéline's plans gave him courage to confess that included in the projects he himself had formed. It convinced him that Huéline was elevated above the common weak-

ness and prejudices of her sex—at least he said so when he dared at length to give utterance to his own flagitious reveries! It is true that the unfortunate minstrelless had reached that desolate elevation on which common opinions and motives act powerlessly as the wind of the valleys on the summits of the mountains. But the scholar's gross incentives to the passions—his efforts to remove all moral restraint from their impulses—excited only the contempt and loathing of an intellect that had run the whole circle of speculative science—and, it might be, had arrived at conclusions as destructive and hopeless—but whose nobler sentiments revolted from their consequences. Nor was the scholar's amorous eloquence likely to be dangerous with one who had drained the wildest nectars of passion—whose experience mocked at all the phantoms of pleasure with which he thought to seduce the imagination of his pupil! But what powerful motives must have been at work in the heart of Huéline, when even the final and complete revelation of the scholar's nefarious designs inspired her only with so much indignation as sufficed to subdue him altogether to her will—to promise all that her vengeance and ambition de-

manded—all that the Burgundians needed—even what in his soul he most abhorred, submission to his angry sire? It is true that it was only to obtain the means of betraying him!

De Giac urged on this revelation with a jealous anxiety that scarcely allowed him any rest. The sufferings of this statesman were not altogether unequal to his merits. He paid Huéline the extraordinary and undeserved compliment of believing that, though impervious to the seductions of youth and beauty, she might be enthralled by the charms of intellect and learning! One evening he entered as usual, in a very discontented mood, after having watched the scholar out of the Boucherie, to learn what progress had been made. A fiery glow was on Huéline's complexion, her lips were swollen, her bosom panted like the sea—yet she uttered a wild laugh of exultation when she perceived him, clasped both his lean but quivering hands in hers, and wrung them for an instant! She abandoned the grasp indeed almost with a fling, but even the politician was scarcely so much rejoiced with the news that followed.

“Go, Sir Pierre! go—after this, let women be the only plotters!” she exclaimed. “Thou

hast but to win the prodigal leave to return to his home! Hasten, depict his starvation, his misery, his despair, to his mother! To his father, his submission and repentance! He is ours—I mean, he is mine, or shall be—when we are both in a position to defy the hideous wrath of the Caboches!—Hear you, my Lord de Giac! do not fail to tell the Duke of Burgundy that I deserve some recompense at his hands!—Perrinet has proffered me his love, but he, too!—he cannot think to wed the orphan of Jean de Troye! He, too, forsooth, hath aspirations which Huéline—which a wife—would ruin! His learning and his talents, he believes, he swears, will raise him to the loftiest honours of the church—and Huéline may share them, can share them, only as—his mistress! He knows the grandeur and elevation of my soul—that I am above all womanish scruples.—He!”—And she broke off in a torrent of wild discordant laughter that yet seemed sympathetic—for de Giac laughed too, in a low, terrible undertone.

The minor circumstances of this conspiracy that was to shake a kingdom were rapidly arranged. Perrinet was admitted into the complete con-

fidence of the Boucherie, and his new allegiance was confirmed by a discovery of the real rank and office of his mendicant ally, and the formidable preparations in readiness.

Huéline committed herself to the fling of the wave, thus far, reckless of all consequences. She knew that her own life was in the dreadful game, for the fury of party spared neither sex nor age; but she played it without pause or hesitation. Thus far her terrible musings, inspired by jealousy and passion, shaped only the separation of her lover from the object of his unjust preference, the triumph of tearing him from the very clutch of destiny—the joy of showing him that royalty and power which so dazzled him, in debasement and overthrow—of forcing him to respect what he had most despised, in the ascendancy of a populace! But now the master-impetus received a sudden check—even from itself.

The approach of the opportunity of vengeance elicited such expressions of their purposes from Owen's numerous enemies that Huéline shuddered to perceive the general ruin she meditated must include the personal destruction of the object of her still idolatrous passion—unless she hit on some

expedient to preserve him. The idea of destroying her beautiful lover had never occurred to her as a possibility, save in maddening moments when she dreamed of forcing him to share destruction with her—of leaping down some black precipice of death in his arms! But the Burgundian leaders imagined her animated with equal resentment against the ungrateful guest. De Giac's smiles at his name meant as much deadly malice, Huéline felt, as the loud, fierce threats of Renaud Caboche. The Master-Chief himself seemed to project a revenge so horrible and disgusting that even he only alluded to it brokenly and with savage laughs. But Huéline knew what to think of the wrath of a man so much in love with blood that he had called his only daughter after its heraldic name. Perinet's hatred combined all these species of malevolence; and the dreadful thoughts roused by these intimations, mingled with a reviving hope, prompted her to write the epistle on record.

She thought—unhappy and too loving heart!—that no where else could she believe in his safety than pressed to it—that thus she could learn the real state of his feelings—thus only! If she could only ascertain, by a refusal to this wooing that

should concentrate all the spells of love, that he no longer loved her—that he abandoned her utterly—that he was altogether lost in the blaze of his new fortunes—then she thought that she could resign him to his doom without regret, without terror, without the insupportable anguish of the heart to which death is a relief!

But, if he came!—what brilliant hopes flashed around her like the meteors of a troubled but beauteous sky at the idea! What fascination might not love multiply to allure him—what gratitude must he not owe for his preservation amidst dangers so appalling! What irresistible influence would not the rush of events exercise upon him! Ah, he would be once again hers—all hers!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

IT was the evening of a memorable day for Paris, Saturday, the twenty-eighth of May, 1418, when Perrinet le Clerc set out from the Boucherie, to return to his father's house, into which for more than three years he had not once set foot.

The benevolent mendicant, to whose exertions the projected reconciliation was so much due, accompanied him. Everything was satisfactorily arranged. The Armagnac ironmonger had consented to receive back his prodigal, on condition that he acknowledged his offences and promised not to repeat them. His mother was in ecstasies of joy, and preparing a festival to receive him. It was not doubted that, in the hilarity and confidence of this restored union, Perrinet might manage to possess himself of the keys of the gate of St. Germain, confided to his father's custody as

quartenier, or alderman, of that district. In case of the worst, he was provided with tools to force open the cellar and strong box in which he well remembered his father nocturnally deposited his keys, money, and other valuables.

At the gate of St. Germain, a body of eight hundred horsemen, consisting of the boldest partisans of the Burgundian cause, secretly collected at Pontoise, and under the command of its governor, L'Isle Adam, were to present themselves at midnight for admission. To give them that, was the part of Perrinet le Clerc, whose cloth forbade him to take any more active share in the affair. The Boucherie was meanwhile to be in readiness, to take instant advantage of the arrival, and raise the whole city in insurrection. Devoted as the populace was to John the Fearless, only weapons and the surprise were necessary to transform it into an army capable of overpowering all resistance!

Hardened though he might be, the scholar of the Sorbonne needed the zealous superintendence that never once abandoned him, as a support against the faltering of purpose which at times assailed him when he drew nigh his father's house

on the Petit Pont. Yet he carefully concealed this weakness from de Giac, to whom he knew it would only be a subject of ridicule.

The grotesque gables of the dwelling of Perrinet le Feron were visible the moment they passed through the gate of the Petit-Châtelet to enter on the bridge that connects the Isle of the City with the southern shore of the Seine. A curious sign, formed of a bundle of iron utensils, hung by a chain from a projecting beam over the door-way, and somewhat resembling a nosegay, procured the shop its designation of the Bouquet de Fer. The back windows overlooked the turbid waters of the river, and now shone brightly in the sunset. Perrinet in general carefully avoided this neighbourhood, as offensive to his pride; and when he recognised all these well-known objects, to do him justice, his steps hesitated—and he needed the recollection of all Huéline's lures, all the sneering composure in his companion's visage, to persevere. Revengeful and unfeeling as Perrinet was by nature, he could not but remember with some quiverings of remorse the anguish he had inflicted on his kinsfolk almost throughout his whole career, and which he was about so signally to

crown. He paused, in spite of de Giac's stern and startled look, and complaining of the heat, coupled with something about the wine he had drunk in the Boucherie, covered his face with his hands, and gazed for awhile steadfastly on the river. De Giac almost imagined, with great though secret alarm, that he perceived a tear trickle through his fingers into the wave.

"Why do you pause?—The fatted calf is killed, and will be overdone just now!" said de Giac, in a playful tone that ill disguised the scorn and hatred in his soul.

"I am striving to recollect the bitterest reproaches my sire ever addressed to me — our fiercest jangles!" muttered the scholar.

"Did you not tell me that, on the occasion of your first interview with the Provost of Paris, your father called you an idle drone made only to eat the honey of the honest bee; and that, when you answered (and very truly) that you did not make yourself for that nor any other purpose, he smote you! A blow is a blow, if even a father strikes!" said the mendicant.

"But I smote him in return!" replied the scholar.

“Certainly, certainly; ’tis the only gratitude one can show for such favours!” said de Giac, pleasantly. “But did he not soon after turn you out of your house under pretence that it belongs to him, and does he not persist in living, to your great detriment?”

“Ay!—he is a veritable old raven—but I cannot deny that I took a few florins from his strong box without mentioning the circumstance!” replied Perrinet, laughing. “The old miser would never have missed them if he had not a bad habit of counting his money, for he made no more use of it than the box in which he put it.”

“You must forgive him—the old man, after all, pretends to be your father,” said de Giac. “Perhaps he has some claim to the distinction, as your mother never went to court—though I have heard indeed that she was very devout, and the monks of St. Germain are jolly fellows.”

“It is true—and I did never feel myself born to be an ironmonger, while I took to the church quite naturally!” said Perrinet. “Moreover, my mother dreamed, the night before I was born, that her baby came into the world with a papal tiara on his head!”

“Good!—a woman returns from a procession of bishops and abbots, dreams that her son shall prove a pope, and so he becomes a—what shall I call thee, my dear coadjutor?” said de Giac, coaxingly.

“A rogue,—by Cain’s red beard! a rogue!” muttered Perrinet, with a gush of remorseful feeling even in his hard breast.

“Ay, but a rogue in ermine, with a sparkling shepherd’s staff, methought, you desired to be?” returned de Giac, with a sardonic smile.

“Yes, truly!—Let me remember all Huéline said, and I shall on!” said the scholar, brightening up.

“When you are a bishop, did she not say she should be proud to have you for a confessor?” said de Giac. “Ah, I foresee that some bishoprics will be vacant, if all the Armagnac council get their deserts! Remember how you have been treated by the Armagnacs!—you barked for them, and they kicked you off like a dog that had bitten them. Remember your last appearance at the Provosty of Paris—and what redress your injuries received!”

“Let us on!” exclaimed Perrinet, with a fero-

cious gleam in the eyes. "I swore to Taneguy that I would take the justice he would not give, and he shall find if I know not how to keep my word!"

With these reflections enforced by the presence of his tempter, the scholar at length crossed the threshold of his father's house. The ironmongers of those times manufactured their goods as well as sold them, and Perrinet's pride was severely mortified that the lowliness of his origin should be thrust upon de Giac's notice in the substantial forms which filled the whole interior of the smithy. Bars of rusty iron, caldrons, scythes, bolts, and bars—every possible confusion of implement wrought by the rude art of the age in so hard a material—were around. Two forges blazed; at one of which Perrinet le Feron was busied, with the assistance of an apprentice, in fashioning reapers' hooks, while his old wife was engaged, with a whole posse of female friends, at the other, in preparing a substitute for the patriarch's fatted calf.

An enormously fat goose, ever the delight of Parisians, and a soup of the most attractive fragrance, broiled and boiled, the one on its spit, the

other on its trivet, over the bright fire on the furnace.

Perrinet le Feron was a stern, thin-visaged old man, of middling stature, strongly knit, with an expression of gloom and care on his countenance that seemed habitual to it. The ingratitude and desertion of his only child, the fierce political strife in which he had taken a bold part, gave a tinge of misanthropy to his character, naturally severe and unbending. He had proved his devotion to the faction he espoused in such perilous junctures, that no thought of winning him over ever entered the contemplation of the Burgundians. The haughtiest of the Armagnac nobles regarded not the mob of Paris with so much hatred and contempt as the rich ironmonger of the Petit Pont. It was chiefly by his energy and courage that the Bourgeoisie were roused to resist their rabble masters; and he occupied, as his reward, one of the most elevated positions his fellow-citizens could exalt him to.

In the depth of his stern heart, it is probable that the old man cherished an affection for his only offspring which all Perrinet le Clerc's ill conduct had not eradicated. Else wherefore did

he continue to toil and accumulate wealth, having no other relative to inherit it for whom he was thought to entertain the slightest kindness? It is true he often dropped hints that he meant to leave what he possessed to found an hospital for decayed men-at-arms of the Armagnac party. But he took no steps to effect the purpose; and after Perrinet made a public retraction of his youthful error, in following the party of Jean de Troye, by his harangue against the Duke of Burgundy, the father's animosity sensibly abated. The crafty mendicant found his way well smoothed by the circumstance; but, although Perrinet le Feron was secretly indignant at the treatment his son sustained on that occasion, he refused to make any effort in his behalf, or to acknowledge him as such, until he made a submission, which, when he turned him out of doors, he had solemnly vowed should precede his return.

And even now, when the old man's heart yearned with a paternal sentiment which all his outward coldness only concealed; when his thoughts were absorbed in a resolve to exert all the influence years of devotion had purchased, to obtain redress from the Armagnacs—he behaved as if the most

indifferent event in the world was about to happen. All the entreaties of his wife could not induce him to make any alteration in his usually sordid garb, with its shrivelled and patched leather apron. He was at work as usual, and his sweaty and grimy visage betrayed no secret of the feelings labouring within.

The mother of Perrinet was in exterior one of the very coarsest specimens of humanity. Parisian ugliness itself seldom has produced a more finished masterpiece; but the huge coarse frame overflowed with the milk of human tenderness and goodness of heart. A dreadful disease, against which medicine had then no remedy, had scarred her large visage; time and toil had obliterated most of the attractions that sex might once have conferred. But the benevolence and simplicity of her soul shone out of a thousand cracks and crannies in her unshapely form, and had even reconciled the fastidious de Giac to contemplate her without disgust. But Perrinet's strong complexion deepened, and shame and disdain were his predominant feelings when his poor old dam—with a scream of joy—threw down her basting bowl, and came rolling

like a tub on a tumbling wave to receive him. "Perrinet, my son, my boy, my little baby!" exclaimed the old woman, clutching the tall scholar as well as she could in her arms, which her vast bosom and waist made considerably too small for the effort.

"Yea, mother, I am here," said Perrinet, after enduring rather than returning for some moments the fervent embraces, blessings, and sobs of his parent. "But where is my father?—Methought he promised to be at hand to restore to me that paternal benediction without which they tell me—and I am convinced—I cannot worthily enter on the duties of the holy offices whereto I shall shortly be summoned!"

While he said these words, the scholar's eye was fixed on his father, who rather over-acted the part he had assigned himself by pretending to be so earnestly engaged in his work that he took no notice of any arrival. He now ceased his hammering, which had been for some time to little purpose, and looked so sternly at the returned prodigal that de Giac was much alarmed. It was obvious that the young man's coldness, the

methodical formula of his reasons for desiring a reconciliation, had re-opened the wounds this meeting was ostensibly to close for ever.

“If thou needest my blessing only for that purpose, Perrinet, thou knowest I did never deem thee fitted for aught that had a savour of religion or virtue in it, least of all for the priesthood,” he replied with slowness, as if he intended every word to cut to the quick—as it did! “Thy mother wanted thee home again—wherefore I know not, unless to keep her up of nights, wearing out her old eyes in looking for thee among the cinders, at midnight, and wondering in what den of infamy they have at last cut thy throat! But be not afraid that I am in reality the old fool thou hast so oft reported me; for, wert thou pope of Rome, I would make bold to tell thee, my son, on thy throne, that thy predecessor, Joan, was a fitter personage to occupy it!”

“Nay, Pierrot, Pierrot!” exclaimed the mother, degrading the husband from his affectionate diminutive of Perrinet. “Thou wilt ruin all!—Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst receive him as a father?”

“Doth he come as a son?” replied Perrinet le Feron.

There was a pause, during which the glance of the scholar encountered the sombre and intensely anxious eyes of his fellow conspirator, and not in vain.

“Dear mother, blame not—my father has right and reason with him!” he said, crossing himself with a look of deep humility. “I have sinned before ye both, and am not worthy to be called your son; yet, for that I am so, I pray you, father, pardon and bless me! I need nothing more—the church provides amply for her poorest orphans.”

Perrinet le Feron was evidently staggered, and it was with much surprise and strong emotion struggling in his tones, that he exclaimed, “Why now, Holy Cross! is this our son indeed? What! the knight’s spear hath then beaten some sense into thee! But the constable shall do thee justice for that, or—well, thou art welcome, son, if in reality thou art repentant of all thine evil deeds!”

“Say that you pardon me then!” said Perrinet le Clerc, sinking on both knees.

“Pardon thee, Perrinet! God and Our Lady pardon thee as I do, and bless thee henceforth as thou shalt deserve!” said the old man, stooping to raise his returned prodigal—when both were suddenly thrust into one another’s arms by the rejoicing mother. The women present all burst into tears and sobs as the father and son yielded to the tide, and embraced, while the old woman bubbled faster than her soup.

De Giac affected to be completely overcome by this tender scene,—and he knew that he was wanted elsewhere. He wiped his eyes, very superfluously, but repeatedly, declaring that, although the poorest beggar in Paris, he had a heart, and protested that he must needs retire and pray for the continuance of the reconciliation he had been so blessed as to bring about. De Giac had always represented himself, in the family of Perrinet, as a trader of Arras, reduced to beggary by the injustice of the Duke of Burgundy’s fiscal officers, and therefore the superiority of his manners and discourse excited no suspicion. But he feared the possibility, and perceived a determination and smothered fierceness of resentment in his scholastic accomplice, which assured him

his presence was superfluous. The benevolent mendicant refused all the pressing entreaties made to him to remain and share the happiness he had produced. "It is my hour of prayer, and every moment is precious on this side of things!" he exclaimed. "Besides, you must have much to say to each other! I will return another day, to receive any thanks that may be due to me; but this I must say, that from this blessed moment methinks I see the keys of St. Peter hanging at the young man's girdle, whom you have the joy to call your son!"

With these words, pronounced with emphasis, and perfectly well understood by his clerical accomplice, and exchanging a glance of intelligence, de Giac retired.

Retracing his steps by a cautious roundabout, the Burgundian emissary hastened to the Boucherie, to carry the news thither, and ascertain that the other wheels of the conspiracy were in noiseless movement. He found the master-butchers already assembled, under pretext of arranging some means by which the inconvenience of attending the now distant shambles would be avoided. But all wore the armour used by the

burgess militia of the walled cities of France, at least as much as could be carried without exciting observation, under their usual clothing. Weapons were liberally provided from the secret stores of the Caboches.

De Giac entered the chamber in which these personages were met, a large dark room in the centre of the Master-Chief's shambles, walled with black, carved walnut wood, and furnished with stools, for it was the usual place of meeting used by the confraternity of the Boucherie. In the middle of the room was a round table of massive wood, pierced by a single pillar that supported the roof, carved to represent an oak tree, while the ceiling above was fantastically and very elaborately wrought into branches and festoons of foliage. The Masters sat around this table, which was engraven with their charters, statutes, and bylaws, in bold Gothic letters, so that reference might be made to them with great facility. A large iron lamp illumined the circle, and displayed countenances animated by ferocious purposes and recollections, rekindled by the approach of the hour of vengeance and retaliation. De Giac, in fact, found them, instead of being engaged in con-

sultation, refreshing one another's memories, with fierce garrulity, in the various wrongs and injuries they had sustained.

But it was the appearance of Huéline de Troye that chiefly attracted the emissary's attention. She was seated in the chair usually occupied by Simon Caboche, who, with his son, stood beside her. The fever of her spirits burned in her glowing cheeks, in the scarlet suffusions that visited her brows, in the restless, ravening, absent glances she cast from speaker to speaker as one interrupted the other in the eagerness of irritated reminiscences. But the courtier thought he had never seen her dressed with so much elaboration of toilette. The hoddice of yellow satin which she wore relieved her somewhat brown but rosily clear and beautiful complexion. Her raven tresses were displayed in all their gloss and profusion in contrast with some scarlet flowers she had twined with them, and the rounded fulness and elegance of the shoulders on which they floated were far from escaping the observation even of the absorpt politician. De Giac had not deemed that the betrothed of the Boucherie, rich as its owners were, possessed a robe so splendid as that of silver

damask worn by Huéline, and which was in truth one of the numerous presents made to her by the Minstrels of the Hospital of St. Julian, in homage to talents from whence they derived so much advantage. Renaud secretly remarked, and with a vague misgiving he could not account for, that on this occasion Huéline wore nothing ever presented to her by himself or his sire.

Huéline started up the moment she perceived de Giac enter, as if she had been in eager expectation of his arrival. "Do you see, messire?—Our Huéline has only a woman's heart in her bosom, after all!" said Simon Caboche. "She shudders, and looks pale, and wishes all were well over, as if it were her wedding-day! We have had much ado to keep her from shutting her pretty eyelids, and fainting like a very woman!"

"Courage, my Huéline!—when I return, I will bring your father with me from his dungeon!" said Renaud.

"It is not fear—no, no, it is not fear!" replied Huéline, on whom these words seemed not to produce any salutary effect, for she grew perfectly colourless. "It is *not* fear, I tell ye!—why do ye

gaze at me? But there is much and woful treachery in this work! A father betrayed by his son! These are horrible times, Messire de Giac!"

"You forget, Huéline!—that wicked old Perinet le Feron was the first to fire your father's house!" said Simon, eagerly. "I saw it with mine own eyes!—Michel Cadenas, of the spice-merchants' guild, was the second!"

"And you throw shadows when we most need sunshine, maiden!" said de Giac, gently. "Which of ye hath not injuries to avenge on the Armagnacs which should make you deaf to every lisp of childish pity on any of them?"

"They forfeited my vineyard at Montl'hery, merely for sending Duke John word that some mortices were loose in the wall below the Bastille of St. Antoine!" said one of the Masters.

"You remember my nephew, Claude?—Was he not a blooming boy?—Some Armagnac women cut him to pieces in the square of the Grève as he was playing at bob-cherry below the scaffold, with its red drippings!" observed another.

"And hast thou nothing to avenge—nothing to

retrieve, Simon?" said de Giac, with an anxious smile, for Simon glanced with a singularly despondent look at his now only son.

"Messire! I have but this one remaining—but I think only of Philibert and Lambert!" replied the Master-Chief, somewhat falteringly.

"I shall be in no danger, father! I will be among those who go to secure the person of the king.—I want to see our handsome Armagnac knight again!" said Renaud.

"It is well; I have done my part—concert the rest among yourselves! The rest is for men—for sinews—the rest is—carnage and death!" said Huéline, with a dizzy glance. "I must retire and strive to rest—I must forget the dreadful business of this night—or I shall madden! Would that, like Gules, I were ignorant of it—could go to slumber with as calm a brain! Farewell, messires!—farewell, Sir Pierre!—let me not see any of your faces again until you come to tell me Paris is ours!"

"When we meet again, Huéline! this steel shall tell you whether I am so mere a boy as the Armagnac called me!" said Renaud, drawing his long and brilliantly sharp dagger.

“Let her depart; give me your hand, my bright ally!” said de Giac, apparently moved by Huéline’s agitation; and he escorted her not only to the door of the guild-chamber, as it was called, but to the exterior, carefully closing it behind them. “Huéline!” he then said, in a whisper that quivered strangely for so experienced a talker, “The hour approaches that must make or unmake us both! Hear me! I am, like thee, of lowly birth—like thyself, of soaring ambition! Natures like mine love not oft, but when we love—albeit, we cannot speak it well—it is with a kind of madness! I love thee, Huéline! together we could rule the duke, rule France!—for thou art the sole woman, though the daughters of high-born nobles have shown that they could have forgiven me my mechanic birth, whom ever I felt that I could intrust with the only jewel of honour which I greatly value! . . . Thou knowest what I would say! What outward varnish of beauty or accomplishment could win her who rejected the seductions of the Welsh traitor? I will take care that wealth and power shall have nothing to offer thee of temptation! Thou lovest not Renaud—thou despisest the base clerk of the

Sorbonne—thou art ambitious—titles, splendour, power have charms for thee! All these may be thine, if thou wilt deign to become the wife of Pierre de Giac! The wife, Huéline!—when thou canst become so with safety—when our instruments are used!”

While these words were uttered, a wild tide of triumph and hope rushed through Huéline’s heart, for she knew that the plebeian noble was even more proud of his acquired rank, and apprehensive of any derogation from it, than Owen Tudor himself! Such a victory seemed like an assurance of the more brilliant one to which she aspired. But the effulgence of joy that beamed over her face only heightened the excess of de Giac’s astonishment and mortification, when, yielding almost instantaneously to the disgust, and even horror, the crafty politician had always inspired her with, she snatched her hand away from his lips, and in a few words, brief, decisive, energetic, as a thunderclap, refused his offer, and left him standing like a statue—alone.

It took de Giac several minutes to recover his composure; but he succeeded, and returned with

apparently perfect calmness to the company he had left.

The Masters of the Grande Boucherie were already so athirst for vengeance, and the hope of winning back their lucrative privileges, that de Giac's chief difficulty lay in moderating their zeal. The minor details of the insurrection were now to be arranged—every part exactly planned. It was agreed that, at midnight, the Masters were to have their men mustered, with the weapons of their trade in hand, from all the recesses of the shambles. The gates could be closed without suspicion at that hour, and no possibility of betrayal would remain. Simon Caboche was to be in readiness to take the command, according to the dignity of his office; de Giac himself was to hasten to a rendezvous which he had appointed with the executioner Capeluche, the king of the rogues of Paris, who was to have his subjects well prepared, and in part assembled, to witness the mutilation of some robbers, whom, by way of variety, it pleased him to execute at midnight in the Place de Grève, under a pretext that the crowds that came to these exhibitions in daylight were dangerously nume-

rous. He deceived even the wily provost with this excuse, more especially as the spectacle, from its singular cruelty, was likely to prove very attractive. The convicts were to have their hands and feet struck off, and branded, prior to being hung. Meanwhile de Giac proposed that Renaud Caboche, with a dozen or so of sturdy fellows of the trade, should steal singly towards the Gate of St. Germain, and lie in ambush about it, to be ready to overpower any resistance that might be offered by the warder, when Perrinet arrived with the keys to admit the Burgundian horsemen.

But Simon Caboche objected to this last proposition. With all his savage recklessness of his own life, he trembled for the safety of his son, his sole heir. He declared he would undertake this dangerous office himself, and leave Renaud to represent him in the Boucherie.

“It is impossible—the rabble must see your wildwolf locks, hear your roar, that silences the bulls in their stalls!” replied de Giac. “Else they will not know or believe that they are once more masters in Paris; but, if Renaud is afraid, we will find another for the office, and he can stay to comfort his betrothed!”

These words sufficed to excite the resolution of the young butcher, who was obstinate as his sire was violent; and, finally, Simon was obliged to submit, and remained, though with great surliness and discontent, alone in the Boucherie. It was even thought advisable that he should order his slaughter-houses to be closed, and retire as usual to rest, for the eyes and suspicions of the Armagnacs were chiefly on the house of the Master-Chief.

All was soon quiet in the Boucherie. It was determined that the lights and fires should be extinguished at the usual hour, and that the passage of the Armagnac patrol from the Grand Châtelet should be awaited ere the conspiring multitude glided from their secret recesses. Until, then, at twelve at night, the Boucherie was not permitted to close its massive gates, by a special edict promulgated since Owen Tudor left its hospitable precincts.

The very sky seemed of the complot. Never was there a night of greater beauty and tranquillity in the heavens than this of the 28th of May, 1418. And yet the moon continued behind a dark and stationary cloud, as if for the purpose of veiling whatever happened below. The approach of the

hour that was to herald events so terrible was indeed as unattended by portents as the most ordinary which ever sounded on the clock of time. Unless that was one, afterwards averred to have been witnessed by an aged monk, who was returning home to his monastery, past the ruins of the house of Jean de Troye, who certified that he perceived a glittering figure gliding amidst dark masses of crumbling masonry, through one of the blackened casements, near the top of the whole pile, where it was certain that nothing human could ever have climbed! This apparition was visible by some glare that for a moment shone on it from above, and, coupled with the fact that the house belonged to a suspected necromancer and certain scoffers, convinced the monk that it was a warning which he ought to have taken in some other manner than by crossing himself, and muttering a Paternoster in bad Latin.

At midnight, the Lieutenant of the Châtelet rode merrily through the Boucherie, with a clattering troop of men-at-arms. If aught were suspicious, it was the very absence of any cause for such a sentiment—the entire tranquillity of the streets, the universal darkness of the casements! But the joy-

ous functionary, Messire Remonnet de la Guerre, was occupied with another idea. It had pleased the potent Lord de la Trimouille to accompany him as a volunteer on his rounds this night—so magnificently clad, that Remonnet, who was a poor soldier of fortune, could think of little but his honourable companion's splendour. Moreover, La Trimouille had confided to him that he had made great progress in the esteem of the noted minstrelless of the Boucherie; and that she longed for some opportunity of seeing him, in spite of her jealous relatives' precautions. He therefore wished the lieutenant to guard certain musicians whom he had brought with him, while they played some music, which he thought would be sure to arrest her attention. Remonnet was glad of any opportunity to insult the Burgundians, and oblige the dauphin's favourite.

Consequently, to the great astonishment of Simon Caboche, and, in fact, of the whole Boucherie, an harmonious concert of various instruments filled that dark and sultry atmosphere of conspiracy with sweet sounds. During the performance, the giver of the entertainment placed himself prominently forward, and continued to gaze with longing attention at the house of the

terrible Master-Chief; but without producing any other effect, than convincing its inhabitants, that the Armagnacs were utterly unsuspicious, since they thought the time convenient for such mockeries!

The Lieutenant of the Châtelet was at length compelled to proceed on his rounds; and La Trimouille, though much disappointed, dared no longer remain without his escort. He was certainly very far from suspecting that he had added the charms of a tender and love-lorn harmony to the magic eloquence with which Huéline was then endeavouring, gradually and remotely, to insinuate some inklings of her projects in broken snatches of light on her lover—that it might not come at last in too sudden and broad a blaze!

The Armagnac captain could not bear to leave the Boucherie without some mark of contempt. He proceeded on his way, bursting into a rough camp song, which was echoed in disorderly chorus by his soldiery:—

“Down, down, down, in the dust;
Down, false Burgundy!
Blood for blood; we will and must
John’s blackest heartstream see!”

Remonnet de la Guerre and his troop, on their

return, passed a man in the garb of a scholar of the Sorbonne, who was hurrying along with singular rapidity across the square of the Châtelet. The patrol stopped him, or rather he ran upon them, in his blind haste.

“Ah, it is a good Armagnac—it is Perrinet le Clerc!” said the lieutenant, good-humouredly. “Master scholar, are you out courting so late—or have you killed your man, that you are hurrying towards St. Jacques, and look so pale and frothy at the lips?”

“I have done no hurt!—what is the matter in the Boucherie?” said the scholar, so bewilderedly, that it needed but a stern glance to have thrown him on his knees to divulge the whole conspiracy.

“Be not afraid—nothing happens there, but a sweet nightingale I wot of comes and sings it in my ear!” said La Trimouille, affectedly. “All will be known some day—and it will be seen at last to whose vigilance we are indebted for the tranquillity we enjoy!”

He moved on with this oracular intimation! and Perrinet le Clerc, taking courage from the courtier’s ignorant confidence, pretended that he thought he

heard a cry of "Fire!" from the Boucherie, and was running to enjoy the spectacle. He proceeded at a more sober pace, until the torches of the patrol vanished out of sight, when he again took to his heels, and entered the Boucherie at the moment when the gates were closed; and, as if by magic, a silent, but multitudinous motion, stirred its whole interior.

Perrinet had the password and shibboleth of the initiated—"The True Cross!"—in allusion to the Burgundian Cross of St. Antony. He speedily made his way to Simon's house, and found the Master-Chief watching his butchers emerge and collect from the various vaults and inclosures in which he had ordered them to conceal themselves, under pretence of a midnight slaughter, to elude the prohibition upon them. But the tidings of the aghast scholar seemed likely to render every preparation in vain. Simon Caboche, who had no dependence on himself for any thing but blows, could only resolve, in his utter consternation, on one expedient—and that was to seek counsel from Huéline.

"She will excuse ceremony at this mortal pass! Let us to her chamber, scholar!" he exclaimed;

and snatching up a torch, which had literally hidden its light under a bushel, he mounted to the apartment containing the wrecks indeed of Jean de Troye!

CHAPTER IX.

AN ANCIENT INSURRECTION OF PARIS.

“HUELINE! Huéline! daughter, be not afraid! Dost thou not know my voice? Open the door, and speak with us!” said the Master-Chief of the Boucherie, luckily remembering that he was about to take the scholar of the Sorbonne into the chamber of his son’s betrothed, and pausing on the threshold.

The heart of Huéline de Troye stood still as if with the sudden touch of death! For some time she had been startled with vague sounds which all her consciousness could not account for—murmurs of conversation, footsteps, the gleam of a torch through the latch-hole, at the opening door—that voice! The hell of the moment more than balanced all the guilty happiness of the hours that had passed! But her first thought and fear were not for herself, but for Owen Tudor. Simul-

taneously with the conviction that a horrible fate awaited him, she resolved to share it. "We are lost—it is Caboche!" she murmured. "But it is not ill—since we die together!"

Brave as Owen undoubtedly was, the words thrilled to his heart with perhaps the first deep sensation of fear that ever visited it. The image of the dreadful butcher maddening over his old rancours and this crowning revelation, surrounded by his gory myrmidons, arose almost visually to his gaze, but luckily, not physically! He was endeavouring with strong assurances which he himself for the time believed, of unaltered and unalterable love, to dispel the vague suspicions and fears hinted by Huéline, when death himself seemed to summon him in the tones of Simon Caboche.

"I will defend thee to the last!—Ah, why wouldst thou not let me depart?" he said, and his sword gleamed in the light of Caboche's torch at the chink of the door, and he snatched the light buckler he usually carried, with the resolve of a valiant desperation.

"Huéline, daughter, chuck!—answer us; it is I, Caboche, the Master-Chief of the Boucherie!"

said Simon, in the most considerate and gentle tones. "Dost thou sleep so soundly at such a season? The old Armagnac is too cunning for us—here is Perrinet, without the keys!"

"Peace, peace, we are not yet all lost—be hushed as the death I fear only for thee!" whispered Huéline. "Dear godfather! what is the matter?—Stir not, breathe not, if you would not give us both to death—me to worse than death!—Simon, I hear you; I am at the door; do not enter, but speak!"

"Was there ever such a suspicious old rogue as Perrinet le Feron? We must do it all ourselves, or put it off to the day of judgment," returned the Master-Chief.

"What hath chanced? Who is the stranger with you?" gasped Huéline.

"I am no stranger, dear demoiselle! I am Perrinet le Clerc!" said Caboché's companion, in tones recognised by more listeners than the one he addressed. "An accursed fortune attends me ever, and I have failed! The keys of the gate of St. Germain are at this instant safely lodged beneath my father's pillow, on the Petit Pont."

"You have failed, sieur! where failure is utter

destruction!" exclaimed Huéline, in whose bosom the first agony of terror was succeeded by one of absorbing disappointment.

"But everything else is in readiness!" said Caboche, eagerly. "We are here in the Boucherie, above four hundred stout Burgurdians, not ill-armed, considering that they left us only the things we could hide and what we make meat withal! Let us raise the duke's cry, march boldly to the Gate of St. Germain, where L'Isle Adam and his eight hundred riders must now be, burst them open, and battle it out with the Armagnacs in the streets!"

"It were madness—all depends on a surprise; we should be but hacked to pieces in vain!" replied Huéline, distractedly. "The two Châtelets cannot be stormed by undisciplined men, armed with pole-axes! and a hundred times our force could not hope to cross the river against the roused Armagnacs. But what has happened? Speak low."

"What is the fear, Huéline? we can all go quietly to our beds again!" said the scholar, quiveringly.

"Lest our partisans should hear below, and

take panic!" said Huéline; and then, ashamed of betraying, by this cowardly and useless attempt, her consciousness of the deep turpitude involved in Perrinet's share in the conspiracy, she added, "Speak then as loudly as you will! Since all must be known, let the fair motive pardon the ill deed!"

But even her apprehensions were surpassed by the effect of the scholar's tidings on the unseen auditor. With the hope of softening her anger at the disappointment, Perrinet introduced his news by detailing the circumstances of his reception, and the difficulty he experienced in suppressing all feelings of natural compunction; in resolving to persevere in his purpose. How patiently he had endured all the sour reflections of his father, the tedious congratulations of his mother's friends, who flocked in to stare at the returned prodigal. How, when the hour for fastening the gates arrived, he volunteered in a most filial manner to set the ward and bring back the keys of St. Germain; and how his father, drily and suspiciously, replied that as long as he was the quarternier of the district, and able to move one leg past the other, he would trust so important a duty to no

one living, not even of tried steadiness and sobriety! How, when the old man returned, Perrinet le Clerc learned, for the first time, that, owing to the increased jealousies and dangers of the time, his father no longer considered the keys safe where he deposited his own most precious effects, but slept with them nightly under his pillow! Even after this discovery, Perrinet was obliged to pretend to retire to rest, and wait until he imagined his parents were in reality plunged in repose, ere he dared unbar the doors and sally forth to inform his friends of the discomfiture.

For some moments Huéline herself thought that all was lost, considering who overheard this communication, and its nature. She distinguished the vehement beating of Owen's heart; she almost felt the strong shudders that ran over his frame!

"And did you find it impossible, did you make no attempt—to enter your father's chamber?" she said, hesitatingly.

"The passage to his sleeping-chamber is secured by a door of the strongest oak, triple-bolted and barred! Have I not oft told you how fearful he is of losing his gold?" muttered Perrinet.

"But, since you left the causeway door open,

could not a party of us steal thither and take the keys by force? No oak can resist my axe!" said Caboche.

"Murder the father by the son! No, Caboche, we must be human, or humanity will disown us!" said Huéline. "Remember, too, that the whole quarter of St. Germain is Armagnac! All were equally lost that way!—but all is not lost!" she continued, with an inspiration of her subtle and now desperate genius. "I know a better key, than your axes, into the chamber of Le Feron!—Doats he not on his wealth—do not murderers and robbers abound in Paris? Let Perrinet return! let him steal as quietly as may be back to his chamber, and raise a cry of 'Thieves and Murder!' This will bring the old pair to his aid, in confusion, in terror, in haste! The keys will be left behind under the pillow; and in the darkness, Perrinet, canst thou not glide into thy father's chamber and remove them? A fearful dream will excuse thine outcry; they will return unsuspectingly to rest! And then, Perrinet, fly to the Gate of St. Germain, and victory and Paris are ours!"

Huéline spoke in as low a tone as could be

audible to those whom she addressed; but she knew that all was overheard by a breathless listener from whom she would almost have resigned life to conceal it, so double-dyed, even in her own sight, was the remorseless treachery involved.

“It shall be!—I will follow at no great distance, in case of the worst!” shouted Caboche.

“No, no, you shall not stir from the Boucherie! a single babbler may ruin all still!” exclaimed Huéline. “Let every outlet be guarded—our own house surrounded in every direction—the Val de Misère—above all, the great street of St. Jacques—sentinelled and guarded as if against the escape of something invisible! If Perrinet fails—if we hear no further news from him—yes, we must on! We are all desperate now—and must either win, or lose all!—Let Capeluche be summoned with his mob!—Perchance we may find a leader whose appearance and adhesion will fire the multitude with enthusiasm—dismay the Armagnacs with fears of treason! Hasten, Perrinet, hasten!—and nothing is lost, but all is won!”

Perrinet was evidently so confused and agitated that but for the whirlwind-like impetuosity of these

words, and the sway Huéline had acquired over him, he might have hesitated—or not have known what he was to do or obey, if Caboche had not clutched him round the neck, and hurried him off, repeating his instructions with deafening iteration, until his voice became inaudible in the distance.

And then Huéline turned—slowly, hesitatingly, almost cringingly—to her lover. Their eyes met in the first glimpse of moonlight that had shone out hitherto; and the surprise, the wrath, the madness flaming in Owen's, terrified even Huéline so much that she stood, without daring to utter a word, like a convicted criminal before a merciless judge!

Owen was in truth bewildered as if in a disordered dream. All that he clearly understood was that he—the favourite of the Armagnac court who built such vasty hopes on its stability—was in the midst of a Burgundian insurrection ready to overwhelm it in utter ruin! That the enemy he most despised and hated was the friend and confidant of the woman who pretended to such unbounded affection for himself—the syren who had lured him into her power!

Huéline felt the necessity of attempting to

break the terrible train of ideas which she knew must be traversing his mind. "Pardon, dearest love!" she said in tones of almost abject humility; "I told thee truly when I said that only in the bosom of danger is there safety for us—for thee! Else dost thou deem that even I—wooer as I am!—that I dared . . . have mercy on me and speak! Within an hour Paris will be in the hands of the Burgundians! Look below—thou wilt see the Boucherie swarming with desperate men! Eight hundred of the most valiant men-at-arms of Picardy are now at the gates of St. Germain! Your constable suspects no danger—his Armagnacs are buried in sleep and security! How could I save thee, but thus?"

"Traitor! thou hast not saved me! Thou hast brought me to thy shambles more certainly to destroy me!" exclaimed Owen, grinding his teeth like a young lion caught in the toils.

"Nay, dearest Owen!—thou canst not believe it, remembering how I have loved thee!—I desire only to make thee the most glorious knight of France!" said Huéline. "I love thee solely—thou altogether—thou beyond all things, existence, here and hereafter. Thou hast sworn to be mine

for ever—and mine thou art ! What was once but a vague imagining is now an actual thing ! Consent to become our leader—join the Burgundian knights on their entry in this surcoat which with mine own hands I have embroidered for thee with Burgund blazonings—and thine own courage and my love shall make thee master of Paris ! Else, prepare to perish with the rest—a victim of the cruelty and hatred of the Caboches—of the Beggar of the Parvis—of the miserable Perrinet himself !”

Owen listened, but every word of this temptation acted most powerfully against the designs of the speaker. Every word of the proffered gain suggested some splendid contrast of the grievous loss it included. The indignation of the patriot, the partisan, of the lover, the rival, the man—all stirred into frenzy the scorn and rage with which he perceived how completely he was entrapped ! The conduct of Huéline appeared before him stripped of all the dazzling colours of passion that had veiled its guilt both to herself and him.

“And dost thou deem that I will debase myself, my mother’s memory, my father’s name—by wedding the—what shall I call thee of, this priest,

mine enemy?—for well I know how thou winnest men to thy purposes! Do not dream it! Do not dream that I will betray the noble faith put in me, to become the leader of a vile populace! Call up your rabble! Kill me ye may, but I will die shouting, ‘Vive Armagnac!’ Call them to thine aid, for I will return the way I came, and at least perish as a knight and noble should!”

“Tarry!—thou art mad—it is impossible—all the outlets are occupied!” said Huéline, springing forward and seizing Owen with the strength of despair. “Or, if thou wilt give this recompense to all my love, let it be with thine own dagger! Spare me at least the agony of my shame—of mine open dishonour—let them find me dead, and let the grave hide my guilt, from human eyes at least!”

“Accursed sorceress! unwreath me! O, my father!—far-seeing Glendower!—well did ye warn me, but in vain!” groaned the captive, tearing himself violently from her arms, yet pausing on the dreadful alternative thus presented—not indeed on the idea of destroying Huéline by his own hand, but the dangers to which the detection of himself must expose her.

“Ha!—do not remind me that I, too, have a father!” said Huéline, wildly. “Remember, knight, I am but what thou hast made me! But, happen what will else, thou shalt not depart!”

“Why wouldst thou detain me? I hate, I abhor thee now!—I will rather perish a thousand times than share in thine horrible conspiracy!” said the infuriated knight. “I alone run the hazard!—let me die, if it must be, beneath the knives of the Cabochiens; but let me die with honour!”

“With honour!—what sound is this thou usest so hollowly?” returned Huéline. “Speak the truth, and own that thy loyalty is only another name for a treason of thine own! The favour of a madman has rendered thee mad too!—Confess it, most faithful knight!—dost thou not hope to accomplish thy prophecies by adherence to the cause of those wise councillors who are, no doubt, prepared to wed the daughter of France—the betrothed of England—to a fugitive rebel of the crown of Henry V.?”

The words burst irresistibly from the lips of the jealous minstrelless, but no allusion more opposed to her purposes could have been made. It con-

vinced Owen that his infidelity was detected, and stirred all his master passions to their depths.

“A vassal!—a vassal of the crown of England! I that was about to rend the diadem of mine ancestors from its stolen treasures!” he exclaimed. “Vile witch! thou hast conspired with the fiends that guard them—but in vain! Destiny is mightier than all your spells! I fear not your knives, your axes! The betrothed of England shall be the bride of Wales—or the stars shall fall from their spheres!—Let me pass, or ——”

“Thou shalt not pass—to destruction!—from me—to Catherine of France!” returned Huéline, throwing herself in frantic entreaty on his neck. Owen repulsed her with violence; still she clung to him as if to detain him by the force of her despair. But his fury had now passed all bounds, and, disengaging himself from her with a terrific effort that cast her senseless on the floor, Owen rushed to the casement portal which admitted to the terraces of Jean de Troye. In another instant, he had darted over the intervening roofs, and found himself close on the ruins of the house once occupied by the unfortunate demagogue! Here

he paused to observe—to listen if he was pursued, and to ascertain if he might descend unheeded into the street of St. Jacques below.

The sound of a multitude densely gathering became more distinctly audible, though accomplished with every effort to preserve the silence essential to the meditated surprise. It was like the distant hum of bees swarming round their hives on a calm summer evening, or the rustle of a remote wood. The Parisians, by nature so garrulous and vivacious, can be silent when mischief is at work. From the point he had reached, Owen overlooked the whole inclosure of the Boucherie, with its intricate network of slaughter-houses and stalls. The moon had returned into her cloud, and only the chance gleam of some deadly weapon on the ground revealed the fact, that bodies of the conspirators covered almost the whole interior space. The agitated stir of these masses, whispering and communicating intelligence, resembled the movement of waves in the dark, when a creeping storm-wind ruffles the surface of the sea.

During the breathless moments of this survey, Owen's thoughts wandered distractedly over many projects, by which it seemed to him it was yet pos-

sible that the Burgundian conspiracy might be foiled, or chances that might yet cause it to fail. It was not unlikely that Perrinet le Clerc had taken fright, and abandoned his task; and, if he persevered in it, numerous circumstances might occur to nullify his treachery. The Burgundians might disperse in disappointment; or, if they made an open attack, Owen was comforted by remembering the great strength of the Hostel of St. Pol, and of the other fortresses of Paris in possession of the Armagnacs. The surprisal of the Grand Châtelet was essential to the views of the conspirators, as it commanded the passage of the river, and, if maintained by the Armagnacs, might, even in the event of Perrinet's success, continue to isolate the two parties of the populace and the knights of L'Isle Adam, under whose protection only could they obtain the weapons necessary to render them formidable! The necessity of warning the provost with all possible speed—the conviction that Paris might still be preserved by this means—struck Owen almost instantaneously, and dictated the course he determined to take, without delay, and at whatever risk. But, just as he turned to enter the ruins of the house of Jean de Troye,

he heard a voice that, distant, wild, ear-piercing as it was, he knew to be the voice of Huéline de Troye, calling to the leaders in the shambles below her windows, "On to the Châtelet, Simon!—lose not an instant!"

The words were echoed in the Boucherie by the terrible tones of Simon Caboche. "On to the Châtelet!"—And "ON TO THE CHÂTELET!" pealed over the whole interior of the Boucherie; and, as if by magic, it suddenly blazed up with torches, and became animated with a formidable multitude. The devoted clients of Simon Caboche, whose crimson frieze dresses gave the hue of blood to the whole movement, emerged from the inclosures and slaughter-houses in every direction, brandishing the terrible weapons of their trade—poleaxes, knives, choppers, and the huge maces used to stun the larger animals. In the centre of the open space of the Boucherie, Simon Caboche, in his full costume of Master-Chief, and surrounded by the other Masters, also in their proper insignia, showed himself conspicuously elevated on a vast block, and apparently marshalling his dreadful bands with an enormous steel, the ensign of his dignity.

Owen felt that it was now indeed the struggle of his destiny with the disastrous influence against which his prophecies had vainly warned him. Not an instant was to be lost; and he turned from the spectacle in the Boucherie, to enter the crumbling mass of the house of Jean de Troye. The fire of the Armagnacs had not ill done its work, but by some chance, or the density of the material, a narrow winding staircase remained almost perfect, save that its bannisters were partly consumed, and many of the steps were little more than crumbling charcoal. A superstitious thought entered the mind of the Welsh knight, as he endeavoured to grope his way—no longer guided by a loving torch—that the very ruins of the Parisian demagogue's abode were in conspiracy against him, for the steps seemed to yield beneath his feet, and the things he grasped, to give way, as if they were merely heaps of black sand. Once or twice he fell down a considerable height, and was severely bruised. It was like a flight in a dreadful dream; and Owen himself scarcely knew how he had accomplished it, when he found himself at last on the basement floor. Even then, some stones, loosened by his contact, seemed inclined to make a last effort at

his destruction, and fell about him as he made his passage to the exterior.

He was now in the great street of St. Jacques, out of the Boucherie, and standing in the shadow of the large house once occupied by Nicolas Flamel, at the corner of the street of the Notaries. Everything in this part was tranquil; the agitation of the shambles passed not their high walls. But Owen remembered the way from the Boucherie through the Val de Misère to the square of the Châtelet, and doubted not that the butchers had taken it. He was ignorant whether there was any means of reaching the fortress from the street of St. Jacques, or, at all events, without incurring a ruinous delay. And he also recollected that, in the explanation of the species of map visible from her lofty chambers, Huéline showed him how the Cemetery of the Innocents was connected with the Val de Misère by some narrow streets. Thence he thought he could easily make his way to the Grand Châtelet; he was one, and the movements of a multitude must necessarily be much slower.

Revived by the hope, he proceeded with extraordinary rapidity up the street of the Notaries, tenanted by so many busy-brained denizens, but

now wrapped in silence and desertion. Then he found himself in the Cemetery of the Innocents, an inclosure exactly answering the description given of it by Huéline, in the part occupied by the shops and tombs. Owen had, however, emerged in some cloisters, which, so far, had not shared this profanation, and were painted all round with the celebrated "Danse Macabre," or "Dance of Death." The artists' names are unknown, but they were worthy to be the predecessors of Hans Holbein in the grotesque terror of the spectacles delineated. And these ghastly satires on the vanity of human existence, illuminated by the glimmer of lamps from the shrines of the saints, guardians of the dead, at irregular intervals, struck Owen as if typifying the approaching destruction! Still he was obliged to proceed at hap-hazard, and it was only by chance that he fell into the right exit, and got into the windings of the Val de Misère.

Owen concealed his corselet and helmet—the only armour he wore—as much as possible under his mantle; for he soon discovered that, however darkly and silently, the whole district was in movement and agitation; crawling from loathsome cellars and vaults, gliding singly or in long files

from apparently impassably narrow alleys, came the terrible denizens of this rankling quarter. A compact of deadly stillness seemed universally made, or at least was observed. Only the fierce gleams interchanged by men's eyes denoted their cognizance of each other's purpose, and common determination. The majority were armed but with the instruments of their various trades, or with heavy staves, which, in hands so desperate, were likely to prove much more dangerous weapons than they seemed.

In the general agitation and movement, Owen's progress was but little observed, though he dared not challenge attention by continuing it at his first rapid pace. Nevertheless, he soon gained the head of the stream, and entered the square of the Châtelet, where a glance convinced him he had arrived too late.

All the entrances into the square were guarded by detachments of the butchers and the rabble, who only suffered people to enter, but allowed no one to depart, from the scene of action. The Cabochiens, meanwhile, headed by Simon himself, had taken possession of all the approaches to the fortress, and were engaged in rending the strong

gates from their hinges, so as to prevent the possibility of their being closed against their friends on the opposite shore of the river. No resistance appeared to be made by the garrison. The ready and valiant provost, in whose courage Owen placed so much reliance, nowhere appeared. A single affrighted individual seemed endeavouring to reason with the mob from a window of the tower above the gateway; but his remonstrances only produced shouts of laughter and derision.

Pushing his way with difficulty through the tumultuous crowd that flooded the square of the fortress, Owen approached so near that he distinctly recognized, in the pallid and gesticulating orator over the gateway, the Lord de la Trimouille! The circumstance, and the words he uttered, convinced Owen that the hopes he had cherished of resistance at this point, were in vain. “Messires! honest men of Paris!—my good fellows!—I do assure you, upon my life, I am here by mere accident! I am the Lord de la Trimouille—a friend and servant of my lord the dauphin—ye would not harm me!—I am here, not to do ye any mischief, but to sup with Messire Remonnet de la Guerre, your kind lieutenant—who is so drunk

that he cannot speak with you, to learn your pleasure! As for Messire Taneguy Duchâtel, who, I own, governs Paris too rigidly—if ye want to do any vengeance on him, alas, I can faithfully assure you he is not here. He is at the Bastille of St. Antoine, for he has been appointed master of the ordnance, against all good advice! In our Lady's name, go and seek him there!"

"Coward!" yelled a voice from the crowd; "collect your archers and men-at-arms—descend and disperse this rabble—who will not, and can not, withstand one valiant effort!"

Instantly arose a dreadful shout among the multitude of "An Armagnac! an Armagnac!" But the darkness and confusion covered Owen's whereabouts, more especially as, at this moment, the gates of the Grand Châtelet fell with a tremendous crash under the last strokes of a hundred mallets; and the populace, still headed by the Masters of the Boucherie, rolled on to complete the communication with their expected friends by a similar seizure of the Petit Châtelet, which defended the opposite extremity of the bridge, and the entrance to the Isle of the City.

But the Welsh knight was not yet exhausted in his fervid imaginings. It was probable that the Petit Châtelet would at least offer the inert resistance of its stronger brother, and thus delay, for a period, the rush of the populace. Perrinet le Clerc had scarcely yet had time to reach his father's house, on the Petit Pont, and certainly not to accomplish his undertaking, by opening the gates of St. Germain. Owen remembered Huéline's words—that the whole district was Armagnac—and the thought darted into his mind, that, if he could gain the southern shore of the river some little time before the Cabochiens, he might be enabled to raise it in resistance—possibly might even overtake and baffle his ancient foe!

To cross the river in the train of the insurrectionary movement would, of course, have been useless. But Owen was a skilful swimmer, and the hardy habits of his youth made him indifferent to the dangers of currents and tides. He knew that some of the neighbouring alleys must conduct to the shore; and, with the decision and impetus of his character, he took the first that presented itself that appeared to slope downward, and found, in-

deed, after traversing a foul lane of mud huts, abounding in every species of filth, that the Seine flowed at its terminus.

Up and down, a perfect tranquillity seemed to sway both shores of the river. Far to his right Owen perceived the black, circular, solitary mass of the Tower of Nesle—on the left, the advance of the insurgents over the bridge of the Châtelet was distinguishable only by the pattering of innumerable feet, within the street formed by the houses built on it. In front, the crowded masses of the Isle of the City, presided over by the towers of Nôtre Dame, concealed the southern shore of the river.

Owen was familiar with the way to St. Germain from the Isle; it passed over the Petit Pont; and, on reflection, he thought it would be best for him to cross thither, and not the whole breadth of the river, as he had at first intended. It was possible, he still imagined, that he might arrive in time to alarm Perrinet le Feron against the projects of his treacherous son. He recollected the sign of the Bouquet de Fer, which Huéline had pointed out to him playfully, as a place where he ought to visit, to receive the thanks of its owner for the chastise-

ment administered to his licentious prodigal. To form and execute a resolution were almost simultaneous acts with Owen Tudor.

The muddy waters of the Seine were not an agreeable bath to a swimmer who had acquired his art in the bright impetuous streams of his native torrents, or the deep translucent waves of the sea of Arvon. But they inspired no fear, for Owen scarcely took the precaution to fasten his mantle tightly around him, before he plunged into the river, and commenced his navigation. The towers of Nôtre Dame instantly seemed to dip to the level of the water, but the dark mass of the city continued to guide him. Owen was making rapid way when he suddenly came in contact with a passenger coming apparently in the contrary direction. The glance they exchanged was only momentary, but in it he perceived that he had run full shock against an enormous wolf, breasting its course through the stream! He had little doubt that this was the famous Courtand; but fortunately the quadruped appeared to have as hurried business as his human encounterer, and passed on without offering any obstruction.

The Welsh adventurer liked not the omen, but

he also pushed forward with unabated eagerness, and landed safely on the Isle. This heart of Paris was indeed perfectly tranquil, despite the violent palpitation of its main artery; and Owen almost imagined he must be dreaming too, when he ran through its silent and utterly deserted streets. He knew that the Isle was suspected of a strong leaning to the Burgundian cause, and he therefore made no attempt to give any alarm, but pursued his way, streaming and breathless, to the Petit Pont.

The Bouquet de Fer was a conspicuous object from all points of approach to the bridge, and its appearance renewed Owen's eagerness of hope. He might almost be said to fly to the spot; and now, for the first time, he gave expression to the tumultuous agitation of his mind in the thundering peal he directed against the door of Perrinet le Feron, and the inarticulate but terrible outcries with which he strove to rouse his attention. The whole neighbourhood resounded with the noise, and the quartenier himself instantly made his appearance at one of the windows above.

"What is the matter?—Is there a fire, or have

our thieves come again in good earnest?" cried the old man in a voice that was at once peevish and alarmed. The words were almost a death-blow to Owen's hopes.

"Awake, Quartenier!—you are betrayed, your son has betrayed you—the Burgundians are storming the Châtelets!" he shouted. "Come forth, and raise your quarter!—We may yet baffle their traitorous attempts! To arms, in the name of the king and of the Constable d'Armagnac!"

"What drunkard art thou?" said a quaggy female voice behind the quartenier. "Betrayed by our son, whom we have but this very night welcomed home to our arms! Madman, begone!"

"Search if you have the keys of St. Germain under your pillow, quartenier!" cried Owen, in agony. "If not, I swear it, your son has stolen them to admit the Burgundians!"

"Do not trouble at all in the matter, husband!—this man is both drunk and mad!" said the mother of Perrinet le Clerc. But his less believing sire ran back into the room, and reappeared

in a few moments, exclaiming, "They are gone!—how can this be? Stranger, how know you this?"

"Believe me and make no farther question, but raise all the aid you may, and follow to the gate of St. Germain! It may not yet be too late to prevent the traitor's purpose! Search, and you will find him gone—gone to admit the Burgundians!" and Owen hastened on over the Petit Pont, without paying any farther attention to the distracted cries and questionings of the old man. He hoped that Perrinet le Clerc had not the start of him by many minutes; and, although it was probable he would proceed on his guilty errand with all possible despatch, the rapid pace of his pursuer might yet retrieve the distance so at least as to give an alarm to the warders in time.

Owen Tudor could chase the deer on foot, and weary out its speed, but never had he followed at so breathless a speed as now. Every motive that can animate to exertion was astir in his heart. The enemy he hated was before him—the ruin of his friends and of his loftiest hopes was to be prevented. After a short transit, short at least in point of time, his perseverance was rewarded. A

dark figure, in the habit of the Sorbonne, swept round the opposite extremity of one of the streets he entered, and Owen had no doubt that it was the object of his pursuit. The hope gave him wings; and he emerged in an open space of the suburb of St. Germain that intervened to its lofty wall and gate, before Perrinet, who stumbled repeatedly over some rubbish and tiles on the way, was more than half across. Then, raising a shout which he intended should put the guardians of the gate on the alert, Owen drew his dagger and sprang forward. A few more strides and leaps would have placed him beside his enemy, when suddenly, as if by a spontaneous eruption of the earth, about a score of men, habited as butchers, and well armed, interposed. Their leader raised the cry of "A spy, a spy!—death to the Armagnac!" and the whole number closed in around Owen Tudor, striking at him in every direction with their weapons. He felt himself wounded almost instantly in several places, though his corselet and helmet parried some of the most dangerous blows. But, in the frenzy of his exasperation and despair, he thought only of the means of overtaking the scholar, who quickened

the speed at which he rushed towards the gate on hearing the clash and outcry behind him, without stopping to look round. All parties felt that the game was of life and death, and that it hung on the chances of a moment! In this conviction, Owen showered blows among his assailants, and rushed on with such overpowering violence, that he must have broken through all their number if the one who appeared to be their leader had not uttered a terrific yell, and sprung upon him, clasp- ing him in a strangling grasp and shouting, "Kill him, kill him!—it is the traitorous Armagnac, it is the Chevalier Sauvage!" Blows rung upon Owen's armour as on an anvil, and he felt some hands endeavouring to unclasp his gorget to allow way for a knife, the Burgundian meanwhile hang- ing on his neck and striving to drag him to the ground. He succeeded, but fatally to himself; for he fell with his head on a pointed stone, beneath all the weight of Owen and his ar- mour, while some one who came up from behind struck furiously with a partizan until his enemy uttered a deep groan—and released his hold! But this would have been of little advantage to Owen if shouts in his rear had not suddenly dis-

tracted the attention of his assailants. The circumstance gave him space to rise on his feet, and the butchers, discerning a weapon gleaming round the corner of a street, took panic and fled towards the Gate of St. Germain. Owen made a staggering and ineffectual attempt to continue his pursuit, but he found he could with difficulty stand, and, while endeavouring to steady himself, the fatal portal rolled back; the open fields and country around the Abbey of St. Germain appeared; a whistle, shrill and piercing as if to summon a hawk from her highest flight, was heard—answered—and the clattering of horses' hoofs and the glitter of armour, and a deafening shout of triumph, announced the entry of L'Isle Adam and his knights into Paris!

Resistance was no longer possible, and Owen turned to flee. A break of moonlight at the instant fell on the pallid and gore-swimming visage of his late antagonist, and, with a horror and compunction to which no language could give the faintest echo, he perceived that it was—Renaud Caboche! Still he hoped that the young butcher might only have swooned; and he drew the bleeding carcass out of the way of the approaching

squadrons, among some bushes of furze, ere he resumed his flight, imminent as his own danger undoubtedly was. Those persons whose approach scattered the butchers led by Renaud, had halted, and Owen knew not whether they were friends or foes. But he had only the choice between awaiting the arrival of the Burgundian horsemen, and of making his way through his pursuers—and he took the latter alternative.

“Vive Armagnac! who goes there?” cried the voice of one who followed him, which he recognized as that of Perrinet le Feron.

“Vive Armagnac!—but fly, if you have no more than these who are with you, quartenier!—Your traitorous son has admitted the enemy!” shouted Owen.

“Serpent! assassin! a million curses on his head!” exclaimed the miserable father. “I will not fly from him!—the first throat he cuts in Paris shall be the wretch’s who gave him existence, and therefore deserves it.—Burgesses! sound the tocsin—let us resist to the last!”

“It is impossible, le Feron!—look how they come!—ten thousand horsemen at the fewest!” exclaimed one aghast citizen.

“How know we but that le Feron himself is in the conspiracy, since he suffered his son to obtain possession of the keys so lightly?” returned another. “I would stand to it were it all open blows—but here is treason!”

“Ye shall see; I will rend his heart out with mine own hands!” exclaimed the Armagnac father; and, breaking from the arms of all those who attempted to retain him, the last that Owen saw of him was, that he threw himself directly in the way of the approaching cavalry, madly shouting and waving his partizan, as if to sustain its whole attack alone! The rest of the Armagnac burgesses, few in number, half-dressed, and shivering from their beds, instantly fled in the contrary direction, and Owen Tudor was among the fugitives.

Wild soldier as he was, Owen perceived that the passage of the river was lost, and that there was nothing to prevent the Burgundians from reaching the opposite shore. His only hope now was, that the alarm might have spread, and a sufficient force have been assembled to resist their further progress. To join his friends, and, if need were, to perish valiantly with them in the struggle, was now the sole animating purpose in his mind. But

he felt that he had not strength to trust himself again to the water, and that it would be impossible to cross the bridge of the Châtelet, until the tide of the populace rolled back on its work of destruction. The Burgundian cavalry gained ground rapidly upon him, for they advanced at a gallop, and he saw that his best, and almost his only resource, was to step aside, and allow them to pass. He struck into the first alley he came by, and luckily in time to hide himself in the shadow of the houses.

The consternation of the unseen spectator deepened almost to despair, when the glitter of armour and helm, the innumerable sparkle of the upright tips of lances in the air, informed him that the whirlwind of cavalry that passed consisted nearly altogether of knights and their well-disciplined attendants—probably near a thousand in number! By far the greater part of these wore the complete garniture of the highest chivalric rank, and purple surcoats, embroidered with St. Andrew's cross.

Owen followed in the wake of this disastrous host, and soon distinguished, by the uproarious shouts in the distance, that the approach of their allies was perceived by the insurgents on the

bridges. For the first time this mob of Paris, so furiously excited, and engaged in works of such violence, gave vent to its feelings in outcries and acclamations. But the predominant shout of the multitude—unless inspired by some of its crafty abettors—expressed a very gentle sentiment. “Peace, peace!—Peace, and the Duke of Burgundy!” proved that they had not forgotten the harangue of the poor scholar in the parvis of Nôtre Dame.

“Peace! and death to the Armagnacs!” returned the advancing squadrons; and the savage instincts of the masses kindled at the word, and a deafening echo pealed to the sky, “Death—death to the Armagnacs!”

CHAPTER X.

A NIGHT IN A REVOLTED CITY.

AMIDST this dreadful and long-protracted shout, the Lord of L'Isle Adam and his chivalry passed over the Petit Pont; and the mob, which obeyed its self-appointed commanders with the implicitness and regularity of disciplined forces, at Simon Caboche's order, cleared the way for their advance by pouring into the square of the Grand Châtelet. The two fortresses had not surrendered, but they made no resistance; and the Cabochiens had contented themselves hitherto with a blockade. Owen crossed in the foremost rush that followed the passage of the cavalry, without any other obstruction than that occasioned by the confusion and struggle of others who wished like himself to get into the square of the Châtelet.

There the Lord of L'Isle Adam halted in his advance, for the first time; and, with a shock that

for a moment disordered their squadrons, the knights drew up in a compact body that seemed to become solid after a short agitation of tossing heads and manes and rearing chargers. The Masters of the Boucherie thronged around their friends; but no time was wasted in congratulations. A few brief words of communication and counsel were exchanged, and then the Lord of L'Isle Adam shouted decisive orders at the pitch of a very powerful, hoarse voice.

“You are best informed, Sir Pierre!—and you have the duke’s powers—it shall be as you say!” he said, addressing the mendicant of the parvis, who appeared among the foremost advisers. “Hasten on, Caboche, with your butchers up the Rue St. Honoré—parade the streets—raise the duke’s cry everywhere—and seize as ye go on all houses and persons of the false and damnable Armagnac council—above all, on the constable! Spare none who resist; none!—we will soon have prisons ready for those who do not! Veau de Bar!” he continued, turning to one of his principal knights, “win the Châtelet to your own use, for from this moment I appoint you Provost of Paris!”

“And you, my lord, proceed at once to the Hostel of St. Pol!” said de Giac. “Paris itself is not worth winning if we lose the persons of the king and princes! On to St. Pol!—We shall soon have assistance enough from the Place de Gréve, that shall suffice to keep the Armagnacs divided and in consternation!”

Instant obedience was rendered to these commands, and the masses of the populace rolled forward with such good will and impetuosity that the square of the Châtelet was cleared in a few minutes.

It was about two o'clock in the morning of a fine May day when the flames of the insurrection burst out thus openly in Paris. The shouts of the insurgents terrifically heralded their approach, and seemed to multiply far and near, and in every direction, like the echoes of Tartarus to the barking of the hundred-mouthed dog. The very skies repeated the uproar. “Out of your beds, good people!—Peace, peace!—Vive Bourgogne! Vive Jean sans Peur!—Death to the Armagnacs!” The most remote quarters caught and echoed the cries.

It was scarcely possible to proceed in any man-

ner but with the advance of the great movement ; and Owen was swept on with the tide. Headed by the Burgundian knights and the butchers, the rabble streamed into the street of St. Jacques, spreading the wildest terror as they proceeded. The affrighted inhabitants appeared at their windows along the line of march in their night-clothes, women shrieking, and men shouting, to demand the occasion of the uproar. But their cries were unheeded amidst the infinite noise of the advance. The blaze of torches, illumining the horrible visages of the Cabochiens and their rabble, or flowing in long lightnings from the armour of the Burgundian chivalry, was the only answer to the distracted querents from the windows. The inhabitants of the Rue St. Jacques were in general rich, and consequently Armagnacs—and the least dreadful supposition which any of them could form was that they witnessed an eruption of the discontented inhabitants of the Boucherie. It was observed with astonishment, but with some revival from the horror infused by this belief, that the multitude proceeded on its way without making any effort to attack the houses even of the more noted Armagnacs. The general confidence en-

tertained in Taneguy Duchâtel persuaded many that the insurgents would soon be repulsed; and the more resolute hastily armed themselves to be ready to sally forth and co-operate. The sagacious leaders of the insurrection neglected all minor considerations, and swept on until they reached a point where, if any resistance was intended, it would doubtless be concentrated—where the Rue St. Honoré crossed their line of march, and commanded all the principal quarters of Paris. No signs of opposition, however, appeared, and the multitude turned off on either side with that deliberate execution of a military plan instinctive in the populace of Paris. Some followed the knights who proceeded towards the Hostel of St. Pol, to the right; but by far the greater number turned to the left with Simon Caboche and his butchers, who were to make seizure of the constable and others of the Armagnac council whose houses were in this direction. The intensity of the popular hatred overlooked the prospects of richer plunder and more safety in the train of L'Isle Adam's attack. Simon Caboche had no sooner uttered the words, "Death to the Constable!" than it was taken up and repeated in a

thousand discordant and raging tones, every speaker adding something to the original proposition.

“Tear him to pieces!—‘Let us make hog’s fritters of him!’—‘Let us roast him first!’—‘Tear him with hot pincers!’—‘Loupgarou shall eat him alive!’—‘I will have the entrails for garters;’—‘Let us bake him in the great town-oven!’—‘No, the bishop’s oven—I bake there; I shall relish my meat the better ever after!’—‘We will all have a bit of him!’—‘Faugh, he is too old and tough!’” were the least formidable expressions used by the zealous mob as they rolled in the direction of the constable’s mansion, only interrupted by the dreadful shout of the more advanced rabble as it halted at his portals. A fearful uproar of crashing windows, of doors yielding to showers of the largest stones, was soon audible in the Rue St. Honoré, mingled with yells, cries, shrieks, and every conflicting utterance of horror and of hatred! But, with all the efforts he could make, Owen found it impossible to wedge his way through the masses that collected after this halt; and, perceiving that the surprise was complete, one only hope remained to him—that resistance might

be made at the palace, which was strongly fortified, and in the close neighbourhood of the Bastille. Thither he determined to hasten with all speed, to share the efforts or doom of his allies. There was a shorter way to St. Pol, by turning along the bank of the river, than that necessarily taken by the Burgundian knights through the Rue St. Honoré. Moreover, Owen could advance no farther, and he took a route he imagined he should find silent and deserted; but which to his surprise and alarm brought him suddenly on a more terrific spectacle than he had yet encountered, in the Place de Grève.

Capeluche was there, engaged in the midnight execution so artfully dovetailed into the conspiracy. The stationary scaffold of the Grève was decorated with a cross formed of huge planks, on which he had already, though protracting the operation as much as possible, broken alive two criminals. Their shattered carcasses, bound to wheels, graced two corners of the erection; and he was binding his third and last victim to the terrific engine, made in the form of the emblem of the God of mercy. He performed this so slowly, that the vast mob were growing impatient, and were

hissing and hooting as if at some performance submitted to their criticism. Capeluche felt touched in his honour, in the glory he derived from his professional skill; but he had powerful motives, and his absent, anxious air excited the observation even of the miserable condemned himself. "What is the matter, my king?" he said, for he was an old subject of the Roi des Ribauds. "Not that I am in any hurry; but thou seemest engaged in thinking of something else—and it is always very unpolite to one's company!"

"Alas, my dear son, I have only you for an excuse to keep all these good people together—and I must make much of my last morsel!" replied the executioner. "Where can he be? what is happening?—I do not even hear a shout! Loupgarou, my child, who art so awkward—fasten me this poor brother of ours, at thy leisure."

The spectators at the midnight execution were the very scum and dregs of the Parisian populace; and never until now had the mountain chieftain ever imagined the existence of such a race, though he had seen the Val de Misère! All the deformities that disease and poverty, and suffering of every species, which the barbarous punishments,

inflicted by the so-called "Justice of Paris" on its criminal population, could add to the human form without effacing it, were to be witnessed in every variety around! Yet the dreadful inhabitants of this district, habituated to blood by the spectacles of their ever-reeking scaffold, seemed assembled as at a festival. They were drinking, laughing, talking, embracing, singing—watching with critical eyes the progress of the executioner in his task!

It may be thought that Owen Tudor made as little delay as might be, in crossing this place of blood; but he found it difficult to pass through the numerous groups unobserved. His helmet attracted attention by its glitter; the rest of his battered armour he kept out of sight in his wet and slimy mantle. But many a jest was uttered on his appearance—many a conjecture, full of insolence, saluted his ears, without exciting the usually irascible pride of his royal blood. Luckily the terror of armed men, and of Armagnacs, was not yet dispelled in Paris; and he continued to force his way, with but slight resistance, to the skirts of the mob. But here some women of the lowest

class, and most hideous appearance, surrounded him, and, tearing him from one another, overwhelmed him with poisonous caresses. He was struggling with these fair assailants, when a terrific shout from the mob turned their attention. Owen paused also, and looked behind, with all his desire to be gone.

Two figures had mounted on the scaffold, beside Capeluche and his valet. The beggar of the parvis, and Perrinet le Clerc! The latter, in a few frenzied words of triumph and exultation, was announcing to the mob the entry of the Burgundians, and the success of his enterprize.

“Yes, Parisians! eight hundred knights of Burgundy are in Paris—the scholars are preparing to join us—the Cabochiens are already at work!” continued the mendicant. “Will ye also share in the glory of redeeming our good king from the power of the pernicious councillors who have ruined France, and sold us to the English?”

A deafening tumult of applause interrupted the speaker, and the cry of “To arms! to arms!” became universal.

“Be assured we have nothing to fear!” con-

tinued the scholar, who trembled violently. "I have taken care that we shall all share the same fate! The knights cannot escape, and leave us in the lurch. I have thrown the keys of St. Germain over the wall!"

"Vive Perrinet le Clerc!" resounded to the stars.

"Talk not of escape—we triumph!" shouted the mendicant. "We have only to help our friends! But we need a leader, Parisians! Shall not Perrinet le Clerc lead us to plunder and vengeance?"

"Vive Perrinet le Clerc!—plunder and vengeance!" was the universal yell.

"I cannot lead ye—I am a priest—the canons forbid us to meddle in matters of blood!" said the scholar of the Sorbonne.

"Tut, tut, the *canons* are in bed, and fast asleep to-night!—Perrinet le Clerc shall lead us!" said de Giac, and, amidst a mingled roar of laughter and acclamations, the scholar was constituted leader of the Place de Grève, by the decisive ceremonial of being torn from his position, and carried along on the shoulders of the excited

multitude. "On to St. Pol!" was the word; but, before the rush of the human tide could involve him, Owen was far in advance of its wave.

"Forgive me, my son; I have neither time to untie nor to finish you!" said Capeluche courteously to his victim. "But be not impatient; I will return at my earliest leisure. Adieu, till I have the pleasure of seeing you again!"

Owen hastened on, with the speed of a hunted deer; yet he arrived at the Hostel of St. Pol only a very short time before his followers. The panic had already spread thither, or treason was at work, for he found the gates thrown open, and the guard fled. By the time he had half crossed the park, the whole horizon behind him seemed as if ringed with wavering fire! It was the light of the insurgents' torches. Owen was rushing wildly on, when he suddenly heard the tramp of horse, and perceived a small body of cavalry approaching, from the direction of the Bastille, at a gallop.

"Hasten!" he cried. "Hasten, loyal cavaliers! and save the king and Madame Catherine!"

"Save the blasted oak? No, but the vigorous sapling," replied the voice of Taneguy Duchâtel.

“To the dauphin’s palace! Chevalier Sauvage! is it thou? What are the news?—Whence come you?”

“Defend the Bastille—the Châtelets are lost,” replied Owen. “Let us save the king!”

“Accursed liar of La Trimouille!—he persuaded us that the woman of the Boucherie told him all their secrets—that we were in no danger!—My troops are all absent on incursions against the Burgundians!” said Taneguy, directing the sweep of his cavalry towards the hotel inhabited by the dauphin, in spite of Owen’s cries and remonstrances.

The loyal but now somewhat bewildered Chevalier Sauvage made no attempt to follow the example. He continued his flight to the king’s hostel, and arrived at the instant when appalling shouts announced the entry of the rabble into the palace grounds. Knights, butchers, men, women, children, wielding every imaginable variety of weapon, uttering every possible variety of shriek, yell, and shout, came foaming on like a furious sea, breaking its way through a dam. Owen had but just time to gain the back entrance of the palace, and to enter at one of the wickets, ere the whole

building was surrounded by a raging flood of the insurgents.

The Chevalier Sauvage was familiar with the windings of the royal residence; but he was partly guided by shrieks and outcries in making his way to the presence of the king. In the Hall of Theusus was collected one of the most extraordinary courts that ever surrounded a monarch. The ladies and nobles of the royal household, with a confused throng of domestics, men-at-arms, and pages, scarcely one of them more than half clad, and in all the incongruities of costume that chance and haste could administer, were assembled in the wildest consternation around their mad king. Charles VI., wrapped in the mantle of one of his chamber-grooms, sat in a chair of state, whither his attendants had mechanically hurried him. He was rolling his eyes wildly round, and gnawing his lips, disregarded by the whole throng of courtiers. Among these Owen recognized nearly all the Armagnac ladies of rank residing in the palace, the archbishop of Rheims, and the king's great officers of state. But his eye sought only one object, and almost instantly discerned it in the person of the Princess Catherine, no longer

triumphant in her royal beauty and pride, but standing beside the king's chair, almost colourless with terror.

The whole throng, but a few hours before glittering in courtly splendours, and full of mirth and festivity, resembled a group of condemned ghosts awaiting their fiendish tormentors. They gathered about Owen the moment he appeared, with cries, lamentations, and questionings, which made such a Babel in his ears, that the roar of the approaching multitude was scarcely audible. But he took his part with the audacity and rapidity suiting the desperation of events, and the hopes inspired by his prophecies revived by the glance of despairing trust Madame Catherine cast upon him.

"For shame, knights and gentlemen! let us barricade the palace, and defend the king!" he exclaimed. "The rabble of the Boucherie have risen in arms, but help will soon arrive! Let us give our friends a rallying point!"

Owen's words, and his undaunted looks, inspired some courage into the amazed Armagnacs. The king himself started from his fearful reverie, and, clapping his hands with wild joy, exclaimed,

“Obey him in all things!—It is the guardian angel of France! Obey him as ourself!”

But Owen needed little other applause, after he had seen the colour rush back to the pallid features of the princess, and had heard her fervent ejaculations, thanking all the saints that he was there, and safe!

Inspired by the revival of his ambitious dream, Owen took on him the command which the king, but his own courage and presence of mind much more, conferred. Resistance, he thought, might at least allow time to make terms—perhaps for their friends to rally and come to the rescue! All obeyed him implicitly, even the aged archbishop; and before the assailants made their way to the hall he had secured it with its innumerable bolts, and a pile of tables and benches heaped almost to the lofty carvings of the roof. The hall was lighted by windows at so great a height that little danger was apprehended thence. But their chief, or rather only defence, lay in the strength of the barricades and bolts. Few of the defenders were armed, and consisted principally of churchmen and the unwarlike dignitaries of a court. Despe-

rate as he was, Owen only calculated, by concealing this circumstance, and using the authority of the king's presence, to secure the personal safety of the monarch and his retinue.

In a few instants, a thunder of many voices at the door demanded admittance. Owen attempted to reply, but the noise of hammers, axes, and maces on the timbers, drowned his voice. Spears gleamed in at the folds of the portal, frequently shivered by the furious efforts of the besiegers to wrench them open. It was not until they had essayed the first violence of their onset in vain, that the assailants deigned to lend the smallest attention to Owen's requests to be heard. But the leaders of the Burgundians seemed now to interfere, and a voice which he thought he had heard before commenced a parley with him.

The case was desperate, and the Chevalier Sauvage demanded only that the king and princess should be treated with all respect, and the lives of the persons present spared. The Burgundian negotiator on the exterior replied with great civility, that they came to rescue the king from his enemies and evil advisers, and not to do him any harm; and that all who surrendered themselves

prisoners should be received and treated with courtesy as such. Whilst this discussion lasted, the wrath of the populace and their numbers evidently increased; and fearing that they would force their way in, and an indiscriminate massacre follow, the archbishop hastily agreed to the terms, and ordered the portals to be opened. The king immediately threw one arm round Owen's neck, and, drawing his daughter to him with the other, awaited the entry of the assailants with a serenity inspired by his singular hallucination.

A rabble of the most ferocious populace, headed by L'Isle Adam and the mendicant of the parvis, rolled headlong in, the instant the last bolt was undrawn. The page who performed the operation was overthrown and trampled to death; and such was the terrible appearance of the mob, that the Armagnac courtiers fled, huddled together like a flock of sheep, behind the king.

"Sirs, we yield us! This is your sovereign and the royal damsel of France!—respect them, whatever ye do to us," said Owen, whose august companions clung to him, like drowning mariners, to a mast that continues upright in the storm.

"We have promised, have we not, Wild

Knight?" replied the mendicant of the parvis, with a short acrid laugh. "We mean to keep our word! Sire, will it please you to mount your horse, and ride to your Castle of the Louvre, to let the people see that you are rescued from your enemies and theirs?"

"Shall we, or rather be torn to pieces, and mount to heaven with thee?" said Charles, looking with mad implicitness at his young adviser. "This is one of the murderers of our brother Orleans, for all he is thus disguised—the *Sieur de Giac*!"

"You shall with these lords, sire, for at this time there is no remedy!" said Owen, and the king immediately extended his hand to the broad grasp of *L'Isle Adam*. The Burgundian leader drew him off with a shout of triumph, and Charles was hurried off by a press of knights and the rabble. He looked anxiously back for Owen; but, even if the latter had been willing to follow, the princess clung to him with such shrieks of terror, when she found her hand seized by *de Giac*, that he could not stir.

"Lady! albeit in beggar's weeds, I am the queen your mother's chosen representative; and I

command you, in her name, to accompany me. Here are her grace's letters to that purport," said de Giac; and the words produced a powerful effect on the princess, to whom her mother had always been a kind of impersonation of necessity.

"I submit me, in all humility," she replied, trembling, as she took the offered epistle. "But suffer me to have some friend of a known visage near me! Let this knight of my father's follow us."

"Wilt thou go with us, fair knight?" said de Giac, with a smiling, terrible glance.

"I will go wherever my royal lady of France would have me; but demand to be fairly treated as your prisoner!" replied Owen.

"Doubt it not!—Our prisoners shall make no complaints of us," replied de Giac. "My fair friends, secure all these prisoners, but harm none—we should not make men desperate! Keep with us, Sir Owen; her highness will perhaps deign to take your arm, for I am but a new courtier, and feel awkward!"

De Giac had provided all things as if with the certainty of securing his prey. A palfrey, suit-

ably caparisoned, awaited the princess in a courtyard of the palace, surrounded by a body of men with pikes. De Giac permitted Owen to assist the princess into the saddle, and when she murmured imploringly, "Do not leave me, or fear will slay me!" he said aloud, "Since you are a talisman of this worth, fair-seeming knight! lead at her grace's bridle." Owen joyfully obeyed, and grasping the foamy bit of the steed, which was affrighted with the uproar, walked between it and de Giac, and surrounded by the armed retinue, from the precincts of the palace.

Rarely have human eyes beheld a spectacle more terrific than was now presented by the insurgent multitude that flooded the whole space of the park and gardens of St. Pol. The blaze of torches lighted the sky far and near, like some hideous pandemonium, and revealed the most terrible and fantastic groups. The populace was now armed. The Cabochiens had broken into the Hotel de Ville, and taken from its vaults the weapons of the *milice royale*, deposited therein by the Armagnacs. The most dreadful instruments of destruction, invented by the barbaric cruelty of the middle ages, especially a lofty pike with a saw-

edge to its keenly pointed glaive, flashed in innumerable hands. But the favourite weapon of the rabble was a hammer or mallet of great bulk and weight, whence the insurrectionists of Paris acquired the title of "Maillotins," in the earlier part of the reign of Charles VI. The people had discovered the art of destroying their oppressors, in spite of their massive armour, by literally beating them to pieces!

De Giac himself scarcely liked the reappearance of this democratic weapon: he muttered something between his teeth when they encountered a rabble led by Loupgarou, whirling these mallets over their heads, and echoing his ceaseless cry of "Vengeance! Vengeance!" And yet they seemed in a kind of flight, the cause of which de Giac had scarcely time to inquire, ere about a score of horsemen, with their lances set, came sweeping past. Owen perceived at a glance that it was Taneguy Duchâtel, with the few faithful adherents that remained to him. He bore behind him, on his steaming steed, a half-naked youth, clinging to his belt, covered only by a blanket that floated loosely behind him.

"It is the dauphin—but it were in vain to pur-

sue—and surely the Bastille itself is ours by this time!” exclaimed de Giac. “I must fulfil mine own office first—let us on.”

And on they went. The tocsin was now sounding from every steeple and tower of the great city, and the whole population was aroused. But for the distracted rapidity of the chimes, it might have been thought that some nocturnal revelry was signified by the universal clamour of bells. The dismay of the Armagnacs was evidently too great to leave any hope of reaction. The terror of a great part of the citizens of Paris could not have been more intense if the English enemy had carried it by storm! The very lions in the royal menagerie shared the alarm, and their roar mingled fearfully with that of the human wild beasts rushing past their dens. De Giac himself, after listening to the sounds with some alarm, turned to his soldiers. “The Armagnacs have loosened their tigers upon us!” he said. “They cannot blame us if we loosen ours!—Let this be known and reported!”

Having scattered this seed, the Burgundian emissary hurried on his attendants, as if in reality apprehensive of an attack from the ferocious

animals in question. Owen shuddered; but his attention was absorbed in the princess, who frequently nearly sunk from her saddle with exhaustion. He also hastened their progress as much as possible, to draw her out of sight of the raging multitude; and as de Giac plunged into some byways with which he seemed familiar, along the shore of the river, the scene became almost instantaneously quiet and deserted. Owen knew not whither they were going, nor could he guess, until suddenly, and to his great astonishment, they emerged in the square of the Châtelet.

But now their advance was delayed by the pressure of a vast throng. Shrieking fugitives, parties of the rabble escorting numerous prisoners to various places of confinement, with every species of insult, frequently crossed their way. Personages of the highest rank, knights, nobles, bishops, abbots, and cardinals; the Armagnac councillors; members of the parliament; every person known as an adherent of the fallen faction, seemed lawful prey to those of the triumphant one. But as yet the object appeared to be the possession of their persons merely. Only a few carcasses were strewn about, and evidently those of persons who

had made a violent resistance. In this manner the chancellor, Henri de Marle, was dragged past by a howling mob that covered him with blows of their dagger-hilts, but refrained from using the sharp points. One of this rabble had fantastically decked himself with the great seal and ornaments of the dignity enjoyed in its plenitude but a few hours before. De Giac relieved the new possessor of his charge. "We shall need this bauble to seal our parchments!" he said, clutching it from the ruffian's belt. "Get a bundle of sausages, my friend, instead: here is gold!"

De Giac seemed to desire to cross the square, and Owen now concluded that he meant to proceed to the Louvre. But the tumult was so wild and violent that it was impossible for some time to make any way; and, during this halt, so marvellous were the confusion and horror of the sights he witnessed, that Owen at times could not believe in his own vision. Houses broken open and their shrieking inhabitants dragged forth, clinging in their despair to the doorposts; crosses of St. Andrew on every breast where a few hours before it was death to appear with one; frantic exultation and unbounded despair; knights, nobles,

monks, ladies, men-at-arms and rabble, whirling past, with dreadful bands of women of the lowest order, intent on plunder, and many of them drabbed in blood—composed a continually varying phantasmagoria of horror !

The obstructions were at last somewhat dissipated by a circumstance that seemed at first to multiply them. A new mob—the mob of the Place de Grève—came rolling in a disordered, running, shouting, shrieking mass over the square of the Châtelet, headed by the king and the Burgundian knights. Charles rode bareheaded between L'Isle Adam and another knight, bowing incessantly to his horse's neck, while the people rent the air with shouts of joy, firmly persuaded that they had rescued their king from the power of his enemies. The armour of the knights gave a splendour to the horror of the spectacle, that heightened it by contrast. The glitter of the flags, and lances, and swords in the torchlight offered a brilliance but little in harmony with the dark, raging, ragged rabble that environed the chivalric squadrons, and shook the air with their shouts. But the spectacle attracted the admiration of the crowds before the Châtelet, and drew them on in its wake. In vain

did an explosion of petards from the fortress, and the hoisting of the purple flag from its highest battlement, invite attention in that direction. The multitude flooded on after its kingly leader; and only one of the spectators seemed to take notice of the transfer of the great Keep of Paris. "Je le tiens!" said our old friend, Roman de la Rose, perusing the motto on the flag by the fiery glare of the petards. "Thou hast it indeed, Duke John!—Vive Bourgogne! Peace for ever! It is lucky that I never committed myself on the other side! Here comes a fool who did—but who is no doubt forgiven!"

As he spoke these words, Perrinet le Clerc appeared borne on the shoulders of the people in a singular species of curule chair, stolen from some barber's shop. But he sat in it with all the elation of triumph, and with the majesty of a Roman consul that had saved the republic, his right leg extended, as he lounged in the old leather chair, and directing the advance of his followers—not with the Ciceronian roll of parchment—but with a bloody pike!

"Ah, the priest has shed blood—I fear it will

bar his preferment!" said de Giac, with his peculiar laugh. "Let us hasten now; for I see an immense herd of the scholars of the University hastening to share their comrade's glory—and you might be in danger, were you recognised, Sir Chevalier Sauvage!"

So much consideration on his behalf moved both the gratitude of Owen and of the princess, who seemed to consider it a personal kindness rendered to herself. Only he could not imagine whither they were going, as they crossed the line of the king's march instead of following it to the Louvre. In a short time Owen's observation of the direction they took so much increased his uneasiness that he ventured to inquire where it was de Giac's intention to seek Madame Catherine a place of safety.

"We are not yet assured of the Louvre," replied de Giac. "Therefore we will take refuge awhile in the Grande Boucherie! Albeit a rough shell for the pearl of France to rest in, 'tis a safe one in this churning of the waves. A gentle damsel, though of lowly lineage, will make our princess welcome, and cheer her as only women

can each other—the *Demoiselle de Troye*!—Lead on, sir knight! why check you the good steed so suddenly?”

“The *Boucherie*!—*Huéline de Troye*!” exclaimed Owen. “Nay, sir, that were to put her highness in a formidable pass of danger, to the which I will never consent!”

“Look you, *Armagnac* knight, your consent is not asked!” replied de Giac. “And, as for peril to the princess, art thou well assured it is not rather thine own thou fearest?”

Owen was assailed by as many terrors as the rapidity of thought could pass through in the few seconds during which he paused in his reply. He knew that de Giac was acquainted at least with one version of his adventures in the *Boucherie*. To put himself in the power of the *Cabochiens* was almost certain destruction. But when he remembered his last interviews with *Renaud Caboché* and with *Huéline*—how he had left the minstreless, and how he should return—he felt that the “almost” might be left out. On the other hand, in what light must he appear to *Madame Catherine* if he deserted her in a situation he had himself declared so fraught with danger? What

might not the frenzied passions of Huéline perpetrate on her defenceless rival? What explanations might not de Giac give of his reluctance, overwhelming when in conjunction with La Trimouille's former insinuations! Moreover, he was a prisoner, and there was something in de Giac's eye that assured no option remained. These thoughts passed stunningly through Owen's mind, and on went the checked palfrey faster than before.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONCUSSION OF TWO DESTINIES.

THE escort entered the Boucherie, now apparently quite silent and deserted. It reached the house of Simon Caboche. Owen assisted the princess to dismount, receiving whispered thanks full of tenderness: de Giac blew a fearful blast on the horn at the gate: two miserable old servants crawled to it with torches, and Gules Caboche appeared with a look of panic inquiry in the gallery above the slaughter-house. Poor Gules was sadly changed. Her jolly, ruddy visage was all blistered over with tears, and the usual gaudy gaiety of her garb was wofully diminished.

De Giac inquired for the Demoiselle de Troye, and Gules burst into a violent fit of sobbing when she heard the question, and was unable to make any distinct reply for some moments—moments of unutterable horror, expectation, and suffering

of almost every species, in the heart of Owen Tudor!

“Ah, messire!” said Gules, at last, “it may well be so with me! She is affrighted out of her life—she that had so much courage! We found her dead and senseless on the floor, in her chamber! She is there now—and she does nothing but sigh and look at us with such dry, parched eyes, that we are more afraid of her than of the Armagnacs!—But where is my father?—where is Renaud?”

“Together, no doubt; fear nothing; all is well; there is no resistance,” said de Giac. “We bring tidings that shall cheer Huéline better than all your medicaments; and we will to her chamber, for it is high and safe, and out of distracting sounds. Knight, lead the lady, since she prefers your Armagnac seeming to our Burgundian truth!”

Owen complied,—in what mood must be imagined! Gules threw the light of her torch to guide the visitors up to the gallery; but Owen’s appearance was so much changed, or she was so blinded with tears, as not to recognise him. The mendicant, with courtly deference, desired him to

precede with Madame Catherine—and he ascended with sensations that made him envy the ignorance of the animals so often led to slaughter in the shambles around !

And yet he was in a position which he would have ventured life to attain a few hours before ! The fair princess of France was leaning on his arm, or rather in it, for he was compelled to support her trembling frame by passing it round her waist. She looked to him, confided in him, wholly ! No curious courtiers were around to watch and comment on every word and gesture ! And yet there were few conditions of human agony Owen would not gladly have accepted in exchange for his good fortune !

On reaching the gallery, de Giac took the torch from Gules, and lighted his prisoners on with the ceremonious politeness of a lord chamberlain in a palace. But it was only that he might enjoy and analyse more certainly the expression of Owen's countenance. De Giac was infinitely puzzled with his rejection by Huéline de Troye. He would have given much of his hard-acquired possessions to ascertain the reason of her refusal ! He desired to witness an interview between her and her quon-

dam lover : at all events, his vengeance on Owen was secured !

In the brief space allowed by de Giac's ascending the ladder first, leading to the chamber of Jean de Troye, to show the princess how easily the feat might be accomplished, Owen managed to convey a request to her that she would keep her hood over her face, and, if possible, suffer no one to behold it. He dreaded the effect of her surpassing loveliness on the jealous frenzy of Huéline. But the reason he whispered was that the *Demoiselle de Troye* was the daughter of a ferocious Maillotin, and imbued with all rancorous sentiments against every species of nobility and superiority. And therefore it would be best, if it might be, to conceal that she was the daughter of a king and the fairest damsel of France !

The frightened princess complied instantly ; so that when the whole group, headed by de Giac, entered the first chamber of Huéline's apartment, she was completely muffled in her mantle and hood of blue velvet, wrought with a gorgeous embroidery of golden fleur-de-lys.

The arrival of such distinguished visitors was certainly not expected by the daughter of Jean de

Troye. When de Giac entered, he did not at first perceive her. She lay on the rushen floor, in the lowest prostration apparently of fear or of physical suffering, her head propped on the cushions of her father's ancient chair.

"What, the Demoiselle de Troye! whose heart I believed more firmly seated than many that stiffen armour!" said de Giac. "Damsel, I bring thee cordials better than any in thy father's gallipots—the assurance of victory, and this most honourable presence!"

Huéline started up at the first words of this address, or rather at the first gleam of the torch de Giac threw upon her.

"What is victory? What doth honour here, —what honourable presence?" she exclaimed? wildly.

"The princess of France with her devoted knight, the Tristrem of our day!" replied the Burgundian emissary, scanning the effect of his words with a fixed gaze.

It was electric! Those eyes, that seemed loaded with an eternity of anguish and despair, suddenly glared full of some terrific light! De Giac had

seen that countenance in many moods; he had seen it express the fiercest emotions of humanity with the intensity of a volcanic temperament, casting the whole soul to the surface, in its throes. He had seen it lighten with anger, and shine with inspiration; gloom over with a darkness he shrunk from fathoming, fond as he was of piercing secresy. But never had he seen human countenance express at once such multitudinous and conflicting passion! The chaos baffled all research, all penetration! Yet the glance wherewith Huéline sought out her faithless lover, and perceived how he was occupied, was satisfactory to the Burgundian emissary. Owen was carrying rather than supporting the princess into the chamber, who, terrified more than ever, at his warning against the hostess in whose power she was placed, could scarcely stand.

“Sir Tristrem! the princess of France!—the Chevalier Sauvage!” repeated Huéline, vacantly. There was a very visible pause, only broken by Gules’s amazed exclamation of “The Armagnac knight!” Yet it was but momentary, and then Huéline advanced towards the princess, murmur-

ing in a low, indistinct, and dreamy tone words that sounded like words of welcome, or words of homage, or both confusedly united.

“You may believe in this damsel, lady,” said de Giac, “she is a devoted Burgundian; consequently a faithful subject to the royalty of France! But what is the matter? What hath marred thy good looks thus, demoiselle?” he continued, in a very different tone, disarmed of its irony and bitterness.

“Nothing!—a fall—a bar of iron in my way!” gasped the minstrelless, while Madame Catherine, terrified at her appearance, clung timidly to Owen. The marks of the violence she had suffered in endeavouring to detain the Chevalier Sauvage was but too visible in a disfigured purple wound on her forehead. The princess’s fears were deepened by the statuesque attitude of her young knight, and the indefinite feeling of repulse she experienced even in him!

A second glance at the woe-begone figure of Huéline, and the awe she seemed to inspire, revived Madame Catherine.

“Nay, damsel, rise; it is for us, we fear, to borrow the suppliant’s tone,” she said, improving

this effect, as she imagined, by resuming the haughtiness of her royal rank. "But indeed we trust, thou wilt not forget we are the daughter of a king, and that this knight is a most noble one, and ours! Messire de Giac has promised he shall not leave us—and with that condition we will abide here while we must. But we will not suffer him from our sight, for we know ye have ancient grudges against him in the Boucherie!"

"The knight is welcome, too—since you deign to wish him so, royal lady!" said Huéline, with an almost supernatural calmness. "But, I pray you, trust in me! Deign to remove this cumbrous mantle, and to breathe freely—for all I am, or have, is at your gracious acceptance!"

"Ah, knight, yes, we may trust this kind damsel?" said the young princess, caught by the winning sweetness and homage in Huéline's tone. "She cannot be that fierce woman of the Mailotins whom you feared would harm me! Beseech you, draw back my hood, and let me breathe cool air."

Owen complied mechanically, with a sigh of despair; and the eyes of the minstrelless, blinded for an instant with eagerness, were fixed on the

blooming visage thus revealed. An instantaneous series of contrasts rushed through the mind of the gazer. Her own dark brunette complexion—the exquisitely fair and roseate hues of the princess; the gaiety and coquettish sparkle in her eyes—the turbid fire that glowed in her own—the very tones of their voices, expressive in the one of profound passion and thought—in the other, of light vivacity and carelessness! The extreme youth of Madame Catherine, her unsullied freshness, the atmosphere of purity that seemed to breathe around her—what bitter thoughts and recollections did they not stir in Huéline’s soul? And yet, withal, how was it that the result of the whole appeared to be a sensation of disappointment, rather that her royal rival equalled not her expectations, than that she surpassed it? There was even scorn in the smile that shone over her lips—in the withering glance that startled Owen from his gaze of terror.

The princess was indefinitely displeased, and her natural haughtiness was roused by this audacious inspection. She turned and spoke to Owen with an exclusiveness of manner that, bred in

the Boucherie as she was, Huéline seemed to understand. She bowed deeply, and after placing a chair, with the assistance of the awe-stricken Gules, for her royal guest, she retired as far as possible to the other side of the apartment, where de Giac followed. The successful conspirators exchanged details of the insurrection, while Owen, to the great surprise of the princess, stood motionlessly and silent behind her chair.

The distant roar of the populace gave a terrible emphasis to the dialogue of Huéline and de Giac. The pique of the latter at his rejection vented itself in no outward form. The former seemed to give way to unbounded exultation—to listen, with a mirth approaching wildness, to his description of the terror and overthrow of the Armagnacs. Owen heard, with a faint glimpse of hope, that the constable was not found in his house, and was believed to have escaped, for Huéline's confidence appeared to abate on the tidings. She rapidly enumerated the dangers to be dreaded from several of the Armagnac strongholds—above all, from the garrison of the Louvre! De Giac laughed, and informed her, that the king had gone with L'Isle Adam to

take possession of that fortress, on the invitation of the governor, who declared that he would only surrender it to Charles in person.

“Why, then, the game is once more in the hands of the Armagnacs!” said Huéline, with sudden consternation. “The garrisons of the Châtelets have fled thither—it is a trick of the crafty La Trimouille! You have sent the king into their hands, de Giac!—hasten and snatch him from them, or the main object of all our toils is lost!”

De Giac instantly took the alarm, for he had no great confidence in his military instruments, saving as such.

“Let a messenger fly instantly, and bid them halt!” he exclaimed.

“The thick-brained L’Isle Adam will heed no advice but yours! Take what forces we have about the Boucherie, and hasten to the rescue!” returned Huéline.

“But my prisoners! what will become of them?” exclaimed de Giac.

“Leave your pikemen with me—I will answer with my life for their safe tarriance here!” returned Huéline.

De Giac paused; but the danger of delay was vehemently urged upon him by his fellow-conspirator. He no longer doubted her hatred of Owen Tudor; and it occurred to him, that it would greatly add to the bitterness of his rival's doom, if he received it in a direct manner from her agency.

"I go—but fear not, I will leave a good guard," he said, in an under-tone. "This is your share in our great feast, Huéline! If Simon returns, do not let him butcher his ancient guest! Tell him to be patient as a courtier that looks to a fair wife for preferment; to leave the chastisement of so gentle an offence to a gentle judge—to yourself!"

With these words, and a brief apology to the princess, de Giac withdrew, taking care to leave a sentinel at almost every point of exit from the Boucherie.

Madame Catherine seemed relieved by the departure of the Burgundian emissary. She began to look more cheerfully around her; to utter phrases of gratitude warmer in meaning than words; and, at last, in the innocent hope of mollifying her Maillotin hostess, she fell to compas-

sionating the injury that appeared on her forehead, and made inquiry how it happened!

Hueline was unable, though she made a strong effort, to utter any reply. Luckily, Gules Caboche had something to say that broke the strange silence that followed. She asked, with an intensity of anxiety which overcame all her awe and modest timidity, what had become of the squire, Rhys ap Goronwy—at least she thought that was his name—the merry squire that could speak no French?

“I have not seen, nor heard of him, kind Gules, since I left him asleep on his pallet in my chamber, when I——” began Owen, but suddenly paused, and his cheek whitened, as deeply as Huéline’s flushed. Gules burst into an irrepressible fit of sobbing and tears, while Huéline’s fevered gaze fell with a vague expression on the youthful pair, whom nature herself seemed to have matched. There was something terrible in it, for Owen watched her movements as he might the creep of a tigress through the grass of a jungle.

And now there was a sudden, a marvellous change in Hueline’s manner. She mildly reproached Gules for her useless burst of sorrow, and, entreating the princess’s pardon for the poor-

ness of the accommodations she could offer to one accustomed to royal magnificence, entreated her to retire to the inner chamber, where she might arrange her disordered dress, and take a little needful repose.

Madame Catherine would have complied, for, even in those disastrous circumstances, her lover's presence, and her natural coquetry, made her appearance a matter of interest to her. The winning voice of Huéline soothed any fear she might have entertained of her hostess; but, when she rose in compliance, Owen grasped her hand, and drew her back. "No, lady, no!—You shall not go; she will murder you; she is a woman of the Maillotins! Nothing but death shall part us!—it is not long to wait," burst brokenly from his lips.

A smile of anguish writhed over the lips of Huéline; and, for a moment, the fierce passions in her heart vanquished the loving one that lingered in it. Only for a moment.

"Knight! you wrong me ever, but most now," she said, in a low tone, without looking at him. It was the first time she had spoken to him, directly, since their parting. "Wherefore should

I harm the royal damsel of France? Then, Gules, bring wine and sweetmeats hither, and learn if your sire be returned! Your tears affright the princess."

Gules withdrew instantly, glad of a pretext to indulge in her grief without spectators—and the three were left together. Huéline had probably laboured at this result; and the moment Gules disappeared she addressed the princess.

"It was not for you, lady, it was for himself this false knight feared!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "La Trimouille—report—or his own boastings—have doubtless informed you under what terms this guest of ours left the Boucherie? . . . His boastings, no! . . . He wooed me to shame, and with shame I expelled him even from this lowly abode! I vaunt not my virtue; I am betrothed to one I love—the Master of the Boucherie's son!—But well may he tremble! Renaud will return with my father, Jean de Troye, on the instant, perchance! Simon Caboche, de Giac, Perrinet le Clerc, all have vowed vengeance on him!"

"Thou didst woo this woman of the Boucherie,

knight!—and wert rejected by her!” exclaimed Catherine of France.

There was a pause. Owen was overwhelmed with wrath and confusion. He was desperate, and his reply might be considered as a frantic defiance of the worst his fatal love could now do—now that this degrading revelation was made.

“It was ere I beheld your matchless self, royal lady!—until then I never truly loved!” he dared to say. “A watery halo shone amidst the clouds, which in my youth’s ignorance I took to be the sun—until the sun himself arose, and dispelled it with a glance! Sweet princess, pardon, since only the certainty that it is death to say so gives me daring to kneel thus at your feet, and avow that I love you—you only—you for ever!”

And pressing the princess’s hand, which he still retained, to his lips, Huéline perceived that she melted into tears, and made no effort to withdraw it.

“It is true, I doubt not, lady!” she said, after a moment’s pause. “The toy of a moment’s liking--the amusement of his tedious imprison-

ment—no more!—Who could compete with such loveliness?—And royal!—royal, too!”

“And did the knight indeed woo thee?” said Catherine, with really unaffected surprise, for grief and the violence she had suffered deprived Huéline’s face of its beauty. “Pardon him, then, since he persists not in the offence—if offence it was! What dost thou threaten, damsel?—what would thy butchers do against him?”

“I threaten not; I would save him—if your highness regards him with favour—if you would give aught in guerdon of such a service?” said Huéline.

“I!—but yes, thou winnest the gratitude of a daughter of France for ever, if thou wilt save the gentle knight, whose only crime is to love now as much above his degree as once below it!” said Catherine, after a moment’s struggle with her pride.

“There is but one possible means, then!” said Huéline, trembling with impatience. “The passages and outlets below are all barred and guarded—above all, the street of St. Jacques! There is but one place in all Paris—in the Boucherie—which the Cabochiens will not suspect, will not

search for their enemy! It is within there—it is mine!”

“Within there!—They will seek me everywhere, and thou wilt perish too!” said Owen, amazed and almost incredulous at this excess of generosity.

“No! they believe too firmly in my wrongs, in my virtue—and well they may!” said Huéline, with a suffocating, dry sob, that would have way. “It is the only hope!—I can feign that I attended my lady the princess into that inner chamber, and that meanwhile the knight escaped from this!”

“Thy chamber!—with thee, damsel?” said the princess, with a disdain and angry vivacity that confessed more than she intended. Solomon would not have been puzzled, at this moment, to decide which of these youthful women deserved the object of their rivalry.

“Let him stay here then—and perish!” said Huéline. “Aha! will you not trust him with me, princess! I, that rejected, spurned, expelled him from the Boucherie?”

“But—if there are no means of escape—how canst thou pretend to the Caboches there are any, from this chamber, Huéline?” said Owen.

“Why not?—Words are but words, knight!” she returned, passionately. “’Tis but to swear!—But I forget; men are not women, to believe! Listen: it is within possibility that thou might’st elude the watch that paces below; but not the mobs that yell for blood beyond! Leave the Caboches that possibility to believe in—that certainty to comfort them! When the uproar subsides, thou knowest there is a means of evasion from the chamber of the alcove!”

“No; I will not leave my precious charge until she is in safe hands, cost what it will!—I fear thee, woman!” exclaimed Owen. It was, indeed, hardly possible to believe in the generosity of the frenzied poetess.

“I will not go with thee, damsel! I will rather perish here with my faithful knight!” said the princess, now thoroughly frightened and bewildered.

“Hark, there are footsteps—the Caboches come! Save him from their bloody knives and hooks, lady!” exclaimed Huéline, distractedly. “If you would not that he should perish by horrible and lingering torments, if you are a woman, if you

love him—bid him be saved ! Knight !—man ! thou mayst trust in me !”

“ Dear knight, let us in ! Give me your hand—we follow, damsel !” ejaculated Madame Catherine. Huéline threw open the door of the inner chamber, not unknown to the guest of the Boucherie ! The love of life, the terror of the doom that awaited him, the renewed blaze of his ambitious hopes, the hand of Catherine of France, extorted compliance ! Huéline led the way, snatching up a lamp, and Owen Tudor returned into the chamber he had left under such different circumstances. The alcove, the flowers, the whole scene decorated by the hand of love—all was as he had left it, under such different circumstances, not many hours before !

Huéline’s measure of devotion was not yet filled. “ I must leave you for some instants,” she exclaimed. “ A window must be opened, a door unbarred, some bricks displaced, to give any probability to the escape. I shall return in a few beatings of the heart ! Lady, be calm ; all is well now, when even his enemy would save him !”

And she glided out, conscious as she was that

the danger and horror of the moment would lend an eloquence to love, a courage to its revelations, which might promote its cause more than years of obsequious suit !

But she returned with more rapidity than was expected, for Owen was on his knees before the princess, imploring pardon for his presumption, pouring the legend of his wild royalty and daring aspirations in her ear, when Huéline reappeared ! She seemed to take no notice of the circumstance, scarcely let her glance fall on him as he sprang on his feet.

“ Be silent, in Heaven’s name ! de Giac ascends with Simon Caboche ! ” she exclaimed. “ Owen ! noble knight, conceal yourself ! Behind the tapestry of the alcove ! This door must be left open, that trust may now, as ever, deceive ! ”

“ Save him, and whatever royal gratitude— ” began the Princess Catherine.

“ Yes, yes, I expect a princely recompense ; it is with gold that hearts like mine are bribed ! ” interrupted the minstreless.

“ Huéline ! ” cried a loud hoarse voice from the exterior chamber—the voice of the Master-Chief of the Boucherie.

“*Demoiselle de Troye* ! where are the prisoners ?” said one that was lower-toned and softer, but more terrible ; the voice of *de Giac*.

“ The princess is better now ! Lady, will you forth ? We come, messires ! a little patience !” said *Huéline*, so as to be heard by her alarmed querents.

“ Farewell then, faithful knight !—and, since it is for ever, yes, I pardon you your passing fancy for this gentle butcheress !—yes, we will part, thus !” exclaimed the youthful princess ; and, yielding to emotions that conquered all her pride, she cast herself into the knight’s arms, and more than met the quivering pressure of his lips ! *Huéline* saw it, and for a moment her resolution wavered. She had almost thrown the door open and revealed the fugitive ; but again the voice of *Simon Caboche* thundered, over the gentler but fiercer tones of *de Giac*, “ *Huéline* !” and she started into recollection.

“ I come !—but ye affright my royal lady with these cries !” she said. “ Behind the alcove, knight ! conceal yourself carefully within the draperies, or we are all lost !”

And she dared scarcely wait until *Owen* had

leaped over the couch, raised its splendid hangings, and thoroughly enshrouded himself in a recess behind, ere she threw the door wide open, kneeling on the threshold with the torch in her hand for the princess to pass. The action threw a wave of shadow over Owen's place of concealment, and gave him time to complete his seclusion.

"The Louvre had surrendered; the garrisons had not fled thither; were prisoners in their fortresses!" said de Giac. "But here is our victorious Master-Chief come for his share of the feast! What have ye done with the Armagnac knight?"

"Nay, what have ye? Have ye thrown him on the pikes below?" said Huéline, carelessly. "If so, we have no such great cause to love him that ye should not let us see them toss him on them!"

The Master of the Butchers was making a deep reverence to the princess, who retreated a step in horror when she perceived, by the glare of the torches they carried, the band of fearful-looking men who seemed waiting like wild beasts for a prey to be cast to them. They were nearly all butchers, armed with a great variety of weapons, torn at random from various owners, or the plun-

dered arsenals of the Armagnacs. Huéline had but just time to clutch the princess's girdle and draw her forward, as de Giac advanced on the utterance of her reply, and Simon Caboche started up from whetting the long gory knife he held in his hand on his leather sandals.

"By the mercy of our Lady, we have him not!" thundered Simon Caboche. "Here are his gyves! doth he hang in them?" And he displayed a link of hideous implements used by butchers to suspend oxen while they skin and dress them.

"Sir Pierre has removed the prisoner, no doubt; we left him here when my royal lady swooned, and every exit is guarded," replied Huéline. She was direfully pale, but her manner was singularly calm and unembarrassed.

"I left him under your ward, demoiselle! If he has escaped, you shall answer it to the duke with your head!" yelled de Giac, almost for the first time in his life yielding to a transport of passion.

"It has served the duke long; let him take his own, if he needs it, even so," replied Huéline. "Yet, methinks, it is rather the father of Renaud Caboche than the Sieur de Giac who is lord of life and death at this moment in Paris."

“Where is Renaud? What will he say when he hears the villain has escaped?” groaned Simon Caboche.

“But he cannot have escaped!” returned Huéline, seeming unconsciously to assist the exploring eyes of de Giac by raising her torch so as to throw its light into the inner chamber. “At least, not far!—Is not that an open window? He was desperate; he must have thrown himself from it; but he cannot elude our guard round the Boucherie!—Hark, what noise is that?—He is recaptured! they are bearing him this way!”

A strange tumult was indeed audible on the ascent to the chamber of Jean de Troye; confused murmurs, groans, and vehement exclamations, as of men labouring to carry a precious burden up a steep access in safety.

“I will meet him!” shouted Simon Caboche. “Pardon me, my redoubted lady, if I must show you how we dress calves in the Boucherie! Skewers, my lads! bring me some skewers; I will set him up between our bull’s heads, to bid knights and nobles beware how they assail the honour of the race of the Master-Chief of the Boucherie!”

The lattice-door flew open as these words were uttered ; grim visages glared in of men engaged in drawing up something heavy in a mantle ; Simon sprang forward to enjoy the first stroke at his enemy ; all gazed staringly in the same direction. Huéline threw the light of her torch forward, horrified with some vague but dreadful apprehension, despite of all her consciousness of Owen's concealment—and the yell of Simon Caboche first announced the fact that it was his son, that it was Renaud Caboche, whose bleeding body was deposited in the chamber !

“ Nay, father, I am not dead !—I ordered them to bring me hither, that I might die in Huéline's arms !” said the unfortunate youth, raising his gory head with difficulty. “ Huéline, my beloved !—send for her ; bear me to her couch ; I can die there contentedly !”

“ Princess, let us away ! This is no scene for your presence,” said de Giac, seizing Madame Catherine by the arm. “ Who hath done this barbarous deed, and killed the comely youth ?”

“ It was at the gate of St. Germain ; he was struggling on the ground with a knight who seemed in pursuit of Maitre Perrinet le Clerc,

when Perrinet le Feron came up, and struck him this grisly blow in the back of his head!" said one of the butchers.

"It was the Chevalier Sauvage, father!" groaned Renaud. "But you will avenge me!—Bear me to her couch; I am her husband, her betrothed; she will not grudge me this last, this only happiness."

"Speak, Caboche!—Le Feron thought it was his own son, no doubt!" said de Giac; even he was terrified at the silence and immovability of the miserable father.

"Bring him on," shrieked Simon, at length. "Bring chirurgeons!—half of all I have shall be to him who saves my son! O Renaud, Renaud! my sole son, my last hope! my child, my son, my Renaud! Accursed for ever be the very name of Armagnac!—Thou shalt have vengeance, indeed, my youngest, my last, my only son!"

The butchers raised their youthful chief, and bore him into the chamber of the alcove, past Huéline, who stood fixed as a statue. They laid him on her couch; only a thin partition of gaudy drapery was between him and his fatal rival!

And then Huéline staggered a little forward, while the princess, with a glance of despair, accompanied de Giac from the scene of suffering, and, probably, of discovery and death.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

THE dawn of this terrible night of insurrection broke—and it was a revolution! The surprisal was complete—Paris was Burgundian!—and, with a soul full to overflowing of the dark and terrible joy the triumph of such policies yields, de Giac returned to the Boucherie. He had no occasion to ask for Simon Caboche. The chamber where his son lay dead!—he was certain to find him there.

Renaud expired in a few minutes after he was placed on his betrothed's couch, in her arms; happy at least in this, that he died without comprehending, probably without hearing, the first wild effusion of her remorse that half revealed the dreadful secrets in her soul. If the father had not in a manner been paralysed with grief, he too might have suspected a meaning in the delirious

outburst with which Huéline consoled the doom of her young betrothed, by declaring herself unworthy of his love, and imprecating vengeance on herself as the cause of his destruction.

For a long time Simon Caboche would not believe that his son could really be dead. He struck the surgeons, who, after exhausting their skill, assured him that the sufferer was beyond their power of recall. He clove open the skulls of two of the men who bore his son home, asseverating that they had deserted him basely and falsely in his conflict with his slayers ! These paroxysms of fury were succeeded by fits of more than womanish sorrow, tears, and sobs. But no persuasions nor effort could induce him to leave the deathbed of his boy, though Huéline, who alone retained any influence over him, exhausted every entreaty and supplication. In her turn, she would not leave him, as he frequently commanded her and even with dreadful threats, alone. Perhaps she feared that he meditated some mischief on himself. De Giac found them seated on each side of the pallid and gory body so lately animated with fierce but not altogether ungenerous passions. Simon held his son's cold hand in his ; but he was

as perfectly still and silent, and there was something of the stupid apathy of unconsciousness or of exhaustion in the gaze he turned as the triumphant emissary approached.

"It is all over, then?" said de Giac, gently. "Let us veil this dismal sight to a father's eyes!" And he attempted to raise some portion of the arras of the alcove, but found himself prevented with violence by Huéline.

"No, no, we will see him while yet we may!" she exclaimed. "This is part of our punishment—perchance of an eternal one!"

"Why would ye bury him when most likely he is not dead?" said Simon, in so weak and childish a pipe that his hearer was amazed. "We have all heard of men being buried alive; but ye shall not bury Renaud until he is darker than the plague!—If we had but good mediciners now, he might yet be recovered! Where is Jean de Troye? Why dost thou not bring Jean de Troye, Huéline?"

"Alack, his skill would nothing avail—let him not come hither—Renaud is past all surgery!" said Huéline, shuddering convulsively.

"And I cannot obtain his release!—The new

provost promises to treat him well, but declares that he will release no prisoners without the duke's express command!" said de Giac. "Jean de Troye, thou knowest, offended the Burgundian nobles almost as bitterly as the Armagnacs."

"It is true," said Huéline.

"Nor will he suffer any one to see him, under any pretext! He fears that if he were out he might resume some of his old fantasies—which would ruin everything," continued de Giac.

"It is true!" echoed Huéline.

"Let him come forth when all is done—when he is thoroughly avenged!" pursued de Giac.

"It will be time enough!" ejaculated Huéline; and her eye wandered, she knew not how, to the mason's level and tools on the wall.

"But, Simon! why art thou so silent?" pursued de Giac. "If science had power to breathe life into death, Huéline possesses all her sire's—would she not restore her betrothed to life?"

"Philibert and Lambert were hung on the gibbet of Montfaucon, and Jean could not restore them—it is true!" said Caboche. "Simonet was slain in battle, fairly! I complain not of that!

But they have assassinated this boy ! How could he cope in arms with men ?—with strong men, in armour ?”

Perrinet le Feron, who struck the mortal blow, lies trampled beneath the hoofs of a thousand horse !” returned de Giac. “The Armagnac who held him down while he was assassinated, the Chevalier Sauvage, is ——”

“Ay ! where is he ?” yelled Simon Caboche, starting up.

“Doubtless, among the prisoners, in some of the places that are now chokefull of them—perhaps in the Temple, or in the Abbot’s prisons at For l’Evêque, or in one of the Châtelets,” replied de Giac. “At all events, I have so ordered it that not a rat can leave Paris, even by the sewers, without my permission. Moreover, I have caused proclamation of death and forfeiture to be denounced against any person, of either sex, who shall dare to conceal an Armagnac !”

“I have deserved something of the duke ; let me have the killing of the Chevalier Sauvage !” groaned Simon Caboche.

“Alas, alas ! prisoners are sacred !” exclaimed Huéline.

“Not from a furious rabble—and such have the custody of ours, and must until the duke’s army comes to Paris!” returned de Giac.

“Bid him hasten his march, in the name of heaven!” said Huéline.

“Wherefore? Dost thou fear that Perrinet le Clerc, in the power and arrogance of his mob Cæsarship, will compel thee to fulfil thy promise to him, and become his leman?” replied de Giac.

“Speak not thus—in this presence!” ejaculated the miserable Huéline, clasping her hands in wild entreaty. But in vain. The words had attracted the attention of Simon Caboche; and de Giac, who had his own secret reasons not to wish the leaders of the rabble to remain too friendly, affected astonishment, and inquired if he did not know what deceptive promises Huéline had been obliged to make to win the scholar of the Sorbonne! Huéline could not prevent the revelation, and she scarcely made an effort to do so.

“Be not angry, Simon! she needed vengeance, and dost not thou?” pursued de Giac. “Vengeance, at any price, and on any conditions! And therefore thou must not seem to know the scholar’s

treachery, until we have obtained it, *on all the rest.*”

“Let me sharpen my knife on the heart of the Chevalier Sauvage—it is blunt with killing!” said Caboche, vacantly.

“Was Renaud, then, thy sole son? Were not Philbert and Lambert thy children, too?” said the remorseless politician. “And, if they were slain, who slew them?”

“I know not; the Armagnacs hung them!” groaned Caboche.

“The Chevalier Sauvage shall be yours; but to make sure of the murderers of thine eldest sons, Simon, methinks it would be necessary—to slay *all* the Armagnacs?” said de Giac, with some slight hesitation.

“Good! excellent! bring them to the Boucherie!” said Simon, with a dreadful laugh.

“Nay!—we must take the Boucherie to them!” returned de Giac, in a low tone. “But, first, we should take care that none escape us! We must pannier our grapes to the last bunch, as they do in your father’s land of Champagne, Huéline, ere we squeeze the good red wine of vengeance to the last drop!”

"Vengeance!—what, an universal destruction! not one spared!" said Caboche, staring at de Giac, and rubbing his hands with maddened glee.

"The duke consented to it; for thus only can France be saved, and our civil war concluded! The destruction of one or the other faction must be—we have it in our power to be the survivors!" said de Giac, calmly.

"Let us to work; let us go; I am ready!" said Caboche, searching gropingly for some weapon in his belt. "I shall not be the only woful father in the world, then! Had the Chevalier Sauvage ever a father, Huéline?"

"A right noble one—a royal one—a barbaric king!—but, but—the nobles and knights will never consent to such horrors, such treachery, de Giac!" said Huéline, breathlessly.

"I bear the duke's blank commission for all I do; they, too, have hates to avenge, plunder to hope for!" replied de Giac. "There is example for it they cannot refuse—the example of a mighty king and soldier, of Henry of England. At Agincourt, Henry slew his prisoners, because he feared rescue! And so do we fear rescue!—the Bastille is still in the hands of the Armagnacs! They are

collecting forces there, which may wrest Paris from us again ere our succours can arrive ! Nobles and knights need take no part in the matter, and shall not dare to interfere !”

“How not ?” said Huéline, bewilderedly.

“The mob of Perrinet le Clerc and the Cabochiens may do it,” replied de Giac. “It is but to throw our Parisians into a panic, and then into a passion, and have a voice ready to shout a word—and all is done !”

“And that word ?” ejaculated Huéline.

“Loup-garou shall utter it—you taught it to him, demoiselle !—it is, VENGEANCE !”

“Vengeance ! ay, vengeance ! There is no other word remaining !” shouted Caboché. “My son, dost thou hear me ?—Thou shalt have vengeance, at least.”

“But Perrinet le Clerc is—a priest !—How would you that he should shed blood ?” said Huéline.

“With his knife !—we must stop his preferment in the church ; or Renaud will rise from his grave !” returned de Giac. “But deem not we shall lack instruments, Huéline ! Gather all the roses in thy father’s gardens—and methinks they

smell with a plentiful fragrance hither—wreathe them into coronals, and I will send you men to wear them who shall shrink from nothing that I bid them do, and who shall wear it for a token of the same !”

“I will wreathe them ! Yes, believe me, I desire nothing but vengeance—on all the Armagnacs !” said Huéline, in an aghast and horror-stricken tone. “Yes, yes, de Giac, we lowly born, we poor, we trampled, we despised, we yet have vengeance !”

“I am ready !” said Caboche, starting wildly up, and looking at de Giac like a blood-hound that watches his master’s eye to spring.

“Be not hurried : thou knowest, Simon, who are Armagnacs in Paris, and we will not miss one—lest that one be the Chevalier Sauvage !” replied de Giac. “We will have them all, ere we begin at one ! It will also divert thy mind from this sad spectacle to go from street to street, from house to house, and leave not a single Armagnac at liberty. What sayst thou ?”

“Lead him away ; for he will madden here !” said Huéline, eagerly.

“And leave poor Renaud alone, Huéline ?”

said Caboche, bursting into a torrent of tears, interrupted by hysterical sobs and groans that seemed to rend his large chest in the passage.

“No, no, no! It shall be borne away!—Renaud shall be laid in the chamber where—in our best chamber, father, thou knowest!”

“Call me not father, Huéline, or thou wilt cleave my heart!” groaned the Master-Chief. “But I will go; they need me to see that none escape! Come thou with me; thou art as little fit to remain with Renaud! for didst thou not love him once? And look how he lies!”

“I dare not, I dare not! All perchance is known when the soul looks no longer through clay and dust!” murmured the wretched betrothed of Renaud Caboche, and de Giac led her tottering along after Simon, who moved with a quick eager step—a giant refreshed, not with wine, but with blood!

Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps died away, before the flower-wrought arras of the alcove moved back, and a ghastly visage peered out! Few could have recognised the beautiful knight of Wales in the horrified countenance that shrunk back from the dull grey light of the dawn,

illumining the gore-bedabbled features of the corpse extended on the couch before him. Had there been no other reason for flight than that silent presence, Owen would have hazarded existence cheerfully, to escape from it. But there were a million! The abhorrence he had now conceived of the dreadful minstreless mingled strangely with an anxiety to preserve her from the possible consequences of her reckless generosity; the revelation of a plan of massacre which would not only ruin, but extirpate, the Armagnacs; the knowledge that the Bastille was still in their hands, and that it had become a rallying point whence the horrible design might be frustrated; the splendid retaliation offered for the discovery made by Huéline to the princess, who, in spite of his avowal of attachment to herself, would remember that she left him in the power of a woman whom he had once loved, and whose efforts in his behalf seemed to argue a relenting sentiment! All these ideas, united with the certainty that he could encounter no danger worse than that from which he fled, decided Owen to attempt an escape, at whatever risk, by his old route through the house of Jean de Troye.

There was not an instant to be lost; the attendants on the dead would probably soon arrive, and, whatever precautions Huéline might take, their movements would be very likely to betray him. And therefore not an instant did Owen Tudor hesitate! He crept shudderingly past the body of Renaud, which in his horror he imagined quivered at his hated breath, and gained the floor of the chamber. It was a dreadful moment, and only a moment! Owen scarcely remembered how it happened, how the thought flashed with such lightning rapidity through his mind. But his glance fell on the richly emblazoned Burgundian surcoat prepared for him by Huéline, which in the confusion and hurry of events remained where he had cast it in scorn. He snatched it up; and it was with him when he arrived in the house of Jean de Troye.

At first Owen had confusedly intended to hide himself among the ruins until darkness might afford him some hope of evasion. But the possession of this surcoat, and the great probability that the passions of Huéline would boil over at length in some deed of madness and despair on discovering his flight; that she would track his

steps; determined him to make no farther pause than was necessary to clear his armour of some of its stains and the weeds of the Seine, transfer the surcoat to his own shoulders, and close his vizor. In this manner, and with his sword sheathed in seeming confidence, but ready to purchase its master an honourable death, Owen thought that he might pass for one of the Burgundian chivalry. The confusion of the nocturnal *mêlée* might account for whatever was disordered and wild in his garniture, and Owen carefully stripped off every shred which he imagined might betray him, even to the golden ball the king had crowned his casque with, in remembrance of his dream.

Yet was it not without a deadly sensation at the heart that Owen found himself, in the broad daylight, pacing along the street of St. Jacques. The manner of the first man-at-arms he encountered, however, reassured him, who saluted him with marks of great respect, deceived no doubt by his splendid surcoat. Moreover, the way was so crowded and confused with hurrying multitudes, that few took special notice of any one, and he proceeded towards the Rue St. Honoré, hoping thence to make his way to the Bastille.

On arriving at this point, Owen beheld a fearful confirmation of the efficacy of the measures taken by de Giac. The man in whose house the Constable d'Armagnac had taken refuge and concealed himself, a poor mason who tenanted some wretched premises in the rear of his magnificent mansion, terrified at the threat of death and confiscation against all who concealed the Armagnacs, betrayed him to his enemies. Owen reached the Rue St. Honoré at a moment when the constable passed on his way to the prisons of the Palais, in the Isle of the City, mounted on a wretched hack behind his betrayer, with his feet tied beneath the horse's belly. The aged warrior was completely covered with mud and bleeding bruises from the stones cast at him, followed by a raging multitude yelling for his blood, overwhelming him with curses and imprecations! Yet he sat upright and undauntedly, with as stern a look as he had worn on the day of the parvis, occasionally pointing with a scornful and menacing gesture towards the Bastille, as if denouncing an approaching retaliation and vengeance thence. It was not wise, but it was valiant; and the soul of the young mountaineer glowed hotly with indignation, and

his resolution revived, at the spectacle of the undaunted demeanour and injuries sustained by an aged soldier whom he had learned to reverence as his leader and chief.

But his own dangers increased as he proceeded, turning into the faubourg of St. Antoine, for the fears of the Burgundians were evidently all on the alert towards the Bastille, the only fortress of Paris that remained in the hands of their enemies. The whole line of way was occupied by men-at-arms and bodies of the rabble; but luckily they were too much engaged in noisy discourse, in drinking, sharing plunder, and the restless, causeless movements of men under the influence of strong excitement, to take any particular notice of Owen. His emblazoned sautre was a sufficient passport with the soldiery, until he reached the termination of the street or road of St. Antoine, where it debouched into the open fields around the ditches of the Bastille. This was strongly guarded by a mass of archers and knights, with two culverins; but the former were so much exhausted with the night's fatigues, that nearly the whole number, horses and all, were asleep. Owen hoped to pass without exciting observation, and the

aspect of the strong fortress, with the white standard waving haughtily from its ramparts, revived his sinking energies. He was threading his way through the drowsy archers, taking as much care as if he valued their repose, not to disturb them, when one of the knights, whose plume was nodding over his steed's mane, suddenly started awake. "Whither go you, knight?" he said. "Know you not that the arrows of Taneguy range over the whole space beyond?"

"A good knight fears not death!—Follow me who dares!" replied Owen, darting resolutely forward.

"Is he mad or drunk?" mused the Burgundian, as the rattle of cross-bows announced that the Armagnacs had discerned the approach from the walls of the ditches. But at the same moment he heard the stranger shout, "Brothers! it is I, the Chevalier Sauvage!—Vive Armagnac!" And, rending off his Burgundian surcoat, Owen crossed the intervening space almost as swiftly as any of the bolts that had met, but missed him, plunged into the moat before the great drawbridge, and swam to the opposite side through its slimy green waters.

The Burgundian knight instantly raised the alarm, and his archers sprang to their bows; but Owen was beyond the reach of the shower of long-shafts that pursued him. A ladder lowered from the ramparts, and held there by the strong grasp of Taneguy Duchâtel and some other knights who chanced to be on the spot, gave the active mountaineer the means of climbing to the embraces and congratulations of his friends.

END OF VOL. II.





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